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EDITORIAL

A SINCERITY DOCTRINE

At President Reagan's press conference last week, it was suggested that the reason he didn't take the opportunity of his speech at Notre Dame to proclaim a major foreign policy doctrine was that he didn't have a foreign policy. The President explained that he didn't want to use the commencement exercises for this purpose because "the young people who were graduating deserved a speech that was aimed at them."

The truth is, of course, that he does have a foreign policy, and we were able to piece it together from the various answers strewn about his news conference. He said, for example, that we are seeing "the beginning of the end" of Communism, though presumably the Politburo will hold off disbanding long enough to allow the Administration to put through its $1.3 trillion defense program designed to counter the awesome Soviet threat. He said he was against nuclear proliferation, but apparently doesn't think much of the nuclear proliferation treaty since he said it was O.K. for Israel not to sign it. He said the Syrian missiles in Lebanon were "offensive weapons" because "there's *no* question about the direction in which they're aimed." (Up, we had thought.) He said even though he had condemned Israel's attack on Iraq, Israel "sincerely believed it was a defensive move."

There it is—the Sincerity Doctrine! Didn't Richard Nixon once say, "The important thing is to appear sincere"? Argentina's military leaders, for example, sincerely believe that there is a Zionist conspiracy to rule the world; O.K., let's humor them. The Salvadoran junta sincerely believes Castro is stirring up the unruly peasants. Ernest Lefever sincerely believes in human rights. The U.S.S.R., on the other hand, is always insincere, since its leaders do not believe in God. Not have a foreign policy? Don't be impertinent, Virginia; just believe.

LAST WARNING ON REAGAN
£ arey
Villiams

HAIG'S CUBAN QUARANTINE
Penny Lernoux

CHILD LABOR & PESTICIDES
Paula DiPerna

SELLING ENERGY TO THE ESKIMOS
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MOB RULE

THIEVES IN THE HOUSE OF LABOR

HERBERT HILL

More than twenty years after its enactment, the Labor-Management Reporting and Disclosure Act of 1959, better known as the Landrum-Griffin Law, has failed in its purpose of eliminating corruption in organized labor. Indeed, there is reason to believe that corruption in its various forms is even more prevalent today than when the law was passed. Furthermore, the evidence indicates that criminal forces have in fact extended their control of labor unions and that their influence reaches into the highest echelons of leadership within organized labor.

Mob infiltration of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters is notorious; the union's newly elected president, Roy Williams, was called an "organized crime mole" in a report by the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. And where mob control is absent, some labor leaders use their positions to profit from improper business dealings. Even Lane Kirkland, the statesmanlike president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., has been implicated in such practices. The purge of radicals from the unions in the late 1940s brought in a new generation of conservative union leaders who are not averse to parlaying mob ties and a cozy relationship with business into profitable sidelines.

Prodded by union dissidents, Congressional committees and the media, law-enforcement agencies have been slowly turning their attention to crookedness within organized labor. In late 1978, six high-ranking officials of the United Paperworkers International Union, including its president, Joseph Tonelli, who was a member of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council, pleaded

(*Continued on Page 793*)

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LETTERS.

VINDICATING THE ROSENBERGS

New York City

The June 19 demonstration at the U.S. Courthouse in Foley Square, New York City, marked the twenty-eighth anniversary of America's "Dreyfus Affair" electrocutions of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, June 19, 1953. In calling for re-examination of the Rosenberg-Sobell case, journalist Sol Stern and historian Ronald Radosh described the case in the July 7, 1979, *New York Times* as "one of the worst blots in the annals of American justice."

Falsely accused of transmitting "the secret of the atom bomb" to the Soviet Union, the Rosenbergs were tried and convicted at the height of McCarthyism and Korean wartime hysteria. Judge Irving R. Kaufman compounded the national hysteria by the unprecedented death sentences.

Thirty years of intensive research and accumulated evidence, including Federal Bureau of Investigation files released under the Freedom of Information Act, confirm the innocence of the Rosenbergs and co-defendant Morton Sobell. They were victimized by McCarthyite hysteria, F.B.I. fraud, ambitious prosecutors and a trial judge who surrendered all evidence of impartiality and effectively joined the prosecution team.

The Kaufman Papers, culled from the F.B.I. files and published by the National Committee to Reopen the Rosenberg Case, establishes the guilt of Judge Kaufman, *if the F.B.I. files are to be believed*. If not, then the case against the Rosenbergs collapses.

The histories of Watergate and COINTELPRO prove that F.B.I. reports must not be taken at face value. They constitute no "proof" against the judge, and it is up to Judge Kaufman to confirm or deny the implied charges. If he refuses to reply, the public must draw its own conclusions. One purpose of the June 19 demonstration was to afford Judge Kaufman this opportunity.

Another purpose, in the words of Nobel scientists Albert Einstein and Harold Urey, is to reveal the entire truth and "to restore the integrity of America's judicial processes." A promising approach would be the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry by the House Judiciary Committee or by its Criminal Justice Subcommittee.

Aaron Katz, Director
National Committee to Reopen the Rosenberg Case

THE SAM KRIEGER I KNEW

Rohnert Park, Calif.

I am deeply troubled, indeed shocked, by the article about my late husband, Sam Krieger ["Sam Krieger—Odyssey of a Red," *The Nation*, May 23]. It is ostensibly a loving tribute, written by Jonah Raskin, who had been working closely with Sam on his memoirs, and who enjoyed what approached a father-son relationship. And that is why it is painful for me to have to write this letter, but I think it important and necessary to set the record straight. This portrayal is a most dubious account, full of innuendo and contrary to Sam's outlook and actions. It is not the Sam that I knew well, after a marriage of forty-three years, from 1938 to April 9, 1981, during which time we worked together, both directly and indirectly, on all of his endeavors.

"Sam was . . . enamored of the wealthy and attracted to the American dream, juggling identities and carefully balancing opposites," says Raskin. Inasmuch as we both worked very hard during all of our adult, and even adolescent, years, and then, after retiring to California in 1973, began an even more intensified period of unpaid work on the "causes," such as the libel suits against Allen Weinstein of *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* and *The New Republic*, the appearances in the films *The Wobblies* and *The Trials of Alger Hiss*, the espousal of the Radical Elders Oral History Project and the Sonoma County Friends of the Chilean People, in which we believed, I fail to see the accuracy of these statements. I will refer later on to Sam's vision of the American dream. And the juggling of identities, etc., is pure hogwash.

Mr. Union Man, during his eighteen years with the Teamsters' Union, almost single-handedly organized the auto-parts industry in New York and New Jersey. It was his local that took in the women, white and black, in a large plastics factory in New Jersey. It was his local that participated in the march for civil rights in Selma, Alabama. I could cite many, many more instances of his efforts to incorporate democratic trade-union principles in his work. This involved many meetings and long, hard hours, but hardly as a puppet, manipulated by some unseen political strategists. This is Raskin's inference when he states "[Krieger] continued to meet with party leaders and to carry out party strategy in the unions. For Sam the end justified the means." That last statement I regard as a slander on my husband's memory.

It is stated that in 1935 he was "selected to attend the Lenin School in Moscow for special training" that included "practical activity with firearms on a Red Army base." It is a fact that Sam attended lectures on Marxism, American labor history, trade unionism and related subjects in Moscow in 1935. However, because of possible misinterpretations that could arise, he was very conflicted about whether or not to include this in his published biography. I think he would have, but in his own words. I do know that at that period of his life the studies in Moscow were, to him, an important recognition of his organizing skills and devoted work in mobilizing for people's needs. I also know that Sam never owned or fired a gun, whether at home or abroad.

A very telling and significant statement is "the week before he died—after much pulling and pushing . . . Sam assured me he would tell the full story." Jonah had confronted Sam with the claim that he, Sam, was not being honest. My husband, in discussing this with me, truly puzzled and concerned, said, "But I *am* being honest." For Jonah, not hearing what he, Jonah, wanted to hear, Sam was being deceptive. I believe that this account is Jonah's story, not Sam's.

I will close with some of Sam's thoughts as published posthumously in the *Argus-Courier* of Petaluma, California, on April 25, 1981:

> He considers himself "a convinced radical who believes in the inevitability of change from capitalism to socialism. Unionism and socialism was what I grew up with and it has stuck with me all my life. . . .
>
> "I've always identified more with my fellow human beings who were poor and dispossessed," he said, "than the middle class and the rich who are rooting for Ronald Reagan and the big corporations."

Sadie S. Krieger

THE REAL ADAM SMITH

Madison, N.J.

How delightful it is to read John L. Hess's "What He Really Said: The Compleat Adam Smith" [*The Nation*, May 16]. When I first read Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, I was shocked by the contrast between what he said and the stereotypes in the textbooks. So many useful writers on social issues are conveniently brushed aside by sectarian academics and seized upon by sectarian propagandists for their own purposes.

In addition to Adam Smith, I immediately think of two others similarly stereotyped and misused. I refer to the sociologists Vilfredo Pareto and William Graham Sumner.

Pareto was an Italian admirer of Swiss democracy who is often quite inaccurately identified with Mussolini's Fascism. What he tells us about propaganda and social manipulation is well worth studying.

Sumner, a famous Yale professor, was in life a thorn in the flesh of the members of the Yale Club of New York City because of his criticisms of plutocratic capitalists and of their imperialistic Spanish-American War. His book *Folkways* (1907) remains in print as a classic study of custom, morality and action, but few read it and many misuse it.

Alfred McClung Lee
Visiting Scholar in Sociology
Drew University
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EDITORIALS.

C.I.A. Connection

Having inexcusably lent its pages to the campaign against the Institute for Policy Studies [see Aryeh Neier, "An Open Letter to *The Times Magazine*," *The Nation*, May 30], *The New York Times Magazine* comes close to redeeming itself by publishing Seymour Hersh's two-part series, "The Qaddafi Connection," in its June 14 and 21 issues. Hersh, regrettably no longer with *The Times*, details the shady arms-trafficking of two former Central Intelligence Agency employees, Edwin P. Wilson and Frank E. Terpil. We ran our own story about Terpil-Wilson [see "Item. Item. Item.," *The Nation*, September 20, 1980], but Hersh has brushed in a larger picture and benefited from the firsthand knowledge of Kevin Mulcahy, a former C.I.A. man who worked for the two weapons merchants for six months.

Mulcahy, whose conscience drove him to leave Terpil and Wilson's lucrative programs of aid to underdeveloped terrorists, described to Hersh in some detail their dealings with Libyan dictator Muammar el-Qaddafi, to whom they supplied explosive devices for terrorist bombs and expertise in the form of ex-C.I.A. operatives who provided instruction in the black arts.

Aside from Wilson-Terpil's greedy alacrity in supplying Qaddafi with whatever infernal machines he needed for his terrorist operations at multimillion-dollar profits, Hersh exposes the workings of an international traffic in high-technology weaponry, in which past and present C.I.A. employees are involved. There has grown up a clandestine intelligence-industrial complex, consisting of U.S. manufacturers who supply the agency with specialized equipment for James Bond-style activities, and operators like Wilson and Terpil who act as dishonest brokers between the makers and foreign governments that are in the market for the gadgets. These "technology transfers," forbidden by U.S. law, are proliferating, and include "normal" C.I.A. transfers for obscure purposes, as well as the black market sales of the only-for-profit boys. What is significant about Wilson-

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Terpil's dealings is that they drew upon their contacts within the C.I.A. and among the old-boy network for direct help and simply to give themselves the aura of still being "connected" with the agency. Thus they can impress potential foreign customers with their "in" at Langley, Virginia, while conveying the illusion to the U.S. manufacturers that they are handling the deal as surrogates for the agency. (Some manufacturers, it should be said, backed out when they learned that their contract with Terpil-Wilson was not authorized by the agency.)

The ultimate irony is that when some of the world's most notorious terrorist groups want guns or explosives they are supplied not by Moscow but by Qaddafi, who in turn obtains them from his suppliers, the new breed of rogue C.I.A. men. Combating international terrorism would, it appears, begin at home, but we have heard nothing from the Reagan Administration on dealing with this facet of the problem. If the Administration does nothing, Congress should. As former Assistant Attorney General Philip B. Heymann told Hersh, what is needed are "statutes that would bar the sale of fancy American equipment and fancy American expertise for terrorist purposes . . . this question is exactly what Congress ought to be holding hearings on." Senator Jeremiah Denton please copy.

The real "traitors" in the C.I.A. are not the Philip Agees and the John Stockwells, whose acts of conscience have been taken as a pretext by some in Congress to push the unconstitutional names-of-agents bill; they are the Edwin Wilsons and Frank Terpils, whose consciences smoothly make the readjustment to civilian life, from clandestine operations for the agency to secret arms-trafficking for profit. Perhaps Kevin Mulcahy's whistle-blowing could stimulate other patriots in Congress to draw up appropriate legislation to deal with the operations of the latter.

France Goes Left

The French people have chosen the conservative route by electing a legislature with a majority on the left to govern with a Socialist President. The radical way would have been to check François Mitterrand's power to act with a rightist assembly.

This paradox of French politics will not appeal to the Reaganauts. They flinch at the very term "socialist" and take no comfort from the fact that, in the process of winning power, France's democratic socialists have almost destroyed the European Communist Party that was most faithful to Moscow. There is the stuff of nightmares for Reagan, Haig & Co., who see a pinkening map of Europe as democratic socialists add France to Germany and gain strength elsewhere on the old continent. Only Mrs. Thatcher's Britain is keeping the true capitalist faith (and making no converts by its disastrous example).

Americans of every sensible stripe should be delighted with the French decision. Even Reagan might reflect on the fact that Moscow favored the re-election of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, fearing, as always, democratic socialism, Communism's archenemy. The President might also ponder Mitterrand's intention to attack bureaucratic centralism and loosen the grip of Paris on the administrative and political life of France.

But of course Reagan & Co. will be paralyzed by the "socialist" specter. Frozen in their tracks, they will not see that Mitterrand's tilt away from the Arabs and toward Israel (not just as an anti-Soviet pawn) and a serious African policy which abandons corrupt dictators and supports democratic elites will actually greatly strengthen the West.

The rest of us can hope that the French switch from right to moderate left will succeed at home and also provide a check on the immoderate ambitions in the black-and-white world of the Reagan Administration.

Carey's Warning

It is right (because it was typical) that one of the last essays Carey McWilliams wrote before he died on June 27, 1980, was prophetic and is still, a year later, instructive. We reprint the piece—originally written for the Pacific News Service—not to honor the memory of Carey McWilliams, although not a day passes that we don't miss his intelligence, warmth, wit and unfailing ability to get at the underlying significance of the events of the week, but because it was impossible to know then, and so important to see now, how right he was. —*The Editors*

It is my belief that the establishment—that elusive but very real force in American life—has of recent weeks opted decisively for Ronald Reagan. I also believe he will be elected President. The reasoning behind that conclusion may be a bit perverse, however. I am convinced the establishment has decided that authoritarian controls must be imposed to get the country out of the mess in which it finds itself; that there is no other way to preserve the power structure. In short, it believes that democracy is doomed in a world of shrinking resources and rising expectations, but that the structure which surrounds it can survive if we abandon some of our freedoms.

It would be fatal to such a strategy if the man in the Oval Office had even a whiff of the demagogue about him: that would be a dangerous warning sign. What the strategy calls for is a President who enjoys the confidence of the people, a President who is regarded as a nice guy. Ronald and Nancy Reagan are a familiar and likable couple. The former California governor is a bright, if not original, thinker. He radiates traditional American values. He is not a hater. He likes people. He appears to feel that there is good in almost everyone. He is a very secure man; what you see is what he is. If a figurehead President is desirable, Reagan is the ideal nominee. As controls began to be imposed, people would not grasp what was happening until it was too late.

Ronald Reagan exudes the faith that happy days are just around the corner, that there are simple answers to complex questions. And in these troubled times he appeals strongly to anyone who does not want to face the unpleasant implica-

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tions of an era of limits and retrenchment. Many Americans want reassurance that the Great National Barbecue will continue indefinitely, and this is exactly what Reagan offers. He tells us that we are still the most powerful nation on earth; that we can still do pretty much whatever we want to do. He radiates an image of the self-confident America of the 1950s. This, he tells us, is the reality. The nightmare version of our future is false. He is sincere, but a newspaper friend once reminded me that sincerity, like virtue, is an art.

This scenario of a figurehead Presidency for an authoritarian establishment is one that I advance with great hesitation. But there is reason to believe that it reflects a dangerous possibility and should therefore be carefully considered. The structure of the Imperial Presidency, after all, has not been entirely dismantled. The Central Intelligence Agency has ample capacity to carry out dirty tricks and domestic assignments. The Republicans are publicly favoring a relaxation of constraints on the Federal Bureau of Investigation as proposed by Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, a close Reagan adviser. Local police intelligence agencies have the necessary files and dossiers to facilitate widespread surveillance.

Under the guise of a "national emergency," such controls could simply be imposed in a piecemeal fashion—and the events ahead might well seem to warrant them. Ronald and Nancy Reagan may project a nice, friendly image of security and happiness, but a well-meaning Reagan would be in no position to restrain the military-industrial establishment, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, or resist a political strategy of the sort I am describing in the midst of crisis.

Suppose the Russians decide to be beastly? What then? Reagan cannot move without the powerful support of the establishment now lining up behind him, which could mean a crackdown on everything—and everyone—the establishment sees as subversive. It could mean a return to the mentality of security clearances and loyalty tests. It could mean that individuals suspected of holding the wrong opinions will find it harder to get and hold jobs.

It could re-create the "us vs. them" atmosphere which we knew to our shame in the McCarthy era, and appear to have shamefully forgotten today.

Literary Game

American writers have an enormous opportunity at the moment. They have just learned, not entirely to their surprise, that their average income from writing is on the low side—$4,775 a year, to be exact. This news comes courtesy of Columbia University's Center for the Social Sciences and the Authors Guild Foundation. Their study concludes that "most authors can't begin to make ends meet from their writing alone."

What a lot of writers can do, though, is play baseball. Not as well as Pete Rose, perhaps, but well enough if a little poetic license is applied to their fielding. As it happens, a pressing need for baseball players exists right now. The owners of the twenty-six major league teams desperately need 650 players to replace those who went on strike June 12. Baseball has a great literary tradition. The profession that has given us such baseball fantasists as Philip Roth, Bernard Malamud, Mark Harris and Robert Coover, not to mention Ring Lardner and John R. Tunis, clearly should now take the field. Since writers have no union of their own perhaps they will have no scruples about strikebreaking. On the other hand, they might learn something from the Baseball Players Association.

First, however, the matter of compensation must be worked out. In 1980, the minimum annual salary for major league baseball players was $32,500 and the average was $150,000. This year, Dave Winfield, the Irving Wallace of the New York Yankees outfield, is earning roughly $1.5 million on a ten-year contract. It would be unseemly, of course, for writers to yearn for such figures. But a doubling of their present average wage to $9,550 a year seems an altogether reasonable demand, and certainly a bargain for the club owners.

Once play resumed, writers would gain new stature for having rescued the summer game from the clutches of greed. Moreover, they would have plenty of time to write, and thus further augment their incomes. In bullpens across the country, poets waiting to pitch in late relief could contemplate the fearful symmetry of the diamond. In the dugouts, political essayists waiting to bat could usefully ponder the growing correlation between right-wing owners and artificial turf. All this, of course, would be dutifully recorded by television, and Howard Cosell would provide much insight into instant replays of Gay Talese chewing his eraser.

Endorsements would surely follow. ("I never sit down to write in the morning without first a little splash," says shortstop Justin Kaplan, the Aqua Velva biographer.) Inevitably, incomes would begin to rise and before long writers—or at least 650 of them—might be earning nearly as much as the athletes they replaced. In this heady new financial atmosphere, writers also would have more leverage with publishers. If they hadn't completed a book under contract after six years, they could declare themselves free agents and throw themselves on the open market for really big bucks.

None of this is as farfetched as it seems, for the conglomeration of writing and baseball is already well under way. Last year, Doubleday & Company, the nation's largest book publisher, bought the New York Mets for $21.1 million. Last week, the Tribune Company, parent of *The Chicago Tribune*, New York *Daily News* and many other "communications" properties, purchased the Chicago Cubs for $20.5 million. The Mets and the Cubs are two of the worst teams in baseball. The two corporations that paid all that money for them need help badly. So do the rest of the owners. We urge the Authors Guild to get in touch with all of them, and soon. We understand many of the idle baseball players are trying to write these days and find the going lonely and the pay dreadful. They could call off the strike at any time.

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DISPATCHES.

■ SOUTH AFRICA: Lonesome Polecat

Has the Reagan Administration gone "soft" on Soviet-backed terrorists? South Africa's apartheid regime thinks so, and Pretoria's paranoia may jeopardize Reagan's Africa strategy.

As revealed in secret State Department memorandums released last month by TransAfrica—the black lobbying group in Washington—the Administration has offered to establish a de facto alliance with South Africa (ending what one memorandum called its "polecat status in the world") if Pretoria agrees to a settlement of the war in Namibia.

The problem, as unpublicized sections of the documents indicate, is that South Africa's wary and intransigent leaders are loath to make concessions on Namibia—even when Washington promises to rig the game in their favor. A "Memorandum of Conversation" obtained by "Dispatches" summarizes the April 15-16 talks in Pretoria between Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Chester Crocker and South African Foreign Minister Roelof Botha and Defense Minister Magnus Malan. The memo says that Malan argued that South Africa "could not live with a Swapo [South-West Africa People's Organization, the leftist guerrilla movement in Namibia] victory that left Swapo unchecked power." Crocker tried to reassure Malan that the United States "recognized [the] need to build South African confidence and security" and that Swapo could be constrained by a Namibian Constitution written in advance by an "expert panel"—presumably to Pretoria's satisfaction.

But the South Africans were not mollified. Botha denounced Swapo's leader, Sam Nujoma, as a "bloody thug" and said his followers "are indoctrinated in Marxism every day." He accused the Reagan Administration of being "soft on Swapo." And he expressed "unhappiness" over Reagan's "backsliding" on the hard-line, pro-South Africa stands he took as a Presidential candidate.

After returning to Washington, Crocker wrote a "Scope Paper" to prepare his boss, Alexander Haig, for the meeting with Botha in Washington on May 14. "I found the South Africans to be in a testy mood," Crocker warned. "The South Africans are deeply suspicious of us, of our will, from the 1975-76 experience, and Carter period." The dates refer to the war in Angola, when the United States encouraged the South Africans to invade, then left them high and dry after Congress cut off funds for the Central Intelligence Agency's covert war. South Africa's Prime Minister P.W. Botha was defense minister at the time, and he has never forgiven Washington.

Foreign Minister Botha stressed in his talks with Crocker that South Africa still wants to topple the leftist government in Angola and will continue to support Jonas Savimbi's rebels. If Nujoma comes to power in Namibia, Botha threatened, "we will have to invade."

■ GUATEMALA: Oil for the Generals

When U.S. strategic planners look at the Caribbean basin they see oil, and not only in Mexico or Venezuela. On any given day one of every five gallons of oil shipped on a tanker in the world is moving through the Caribbean, most of it Middle Eastern crude en route to refineries or transshipment terminals on islands such as Puerto Rico, Trinidad and Tobago, and Curaçao.

Now U.S. strategists see oil in Guatemala too. Texaco and a consortium of Spanish, French and Brazilian firms have recently struck oil in Guatemala's northern Petén and Alta Verapaz provinces. The discoveries are close to Mexico's rich Reforma fields, and company geologists reportedly believe Mexico's deposits extend into Guatemala. Independent U.S. oil experts cited by the *Journal of Commerce* now say that Guatemala, which only began exporting oil last year, could produce 1 million barrels a day in five to eight years and export most of it.

Guatemala's Secretary General for Mines and Hydrocarbons, Jorge Luis Monzón, conservatively estimates Guatemala's potential hydrocarbon reserves at 2.4 billion barrels, but a U.S. consulting firm made a more bullish estimate. A State Department official told "Dispatches" that the firm (which he would not name) calculated Guatemala's reserves at 10 billion barrels, about the same as Alaska's North Slope.

Small wonder, then, that the Reagan Administration sent retired Gen. Vernon Walters to Guatemala in May to find out what the generals need in the way of military aid to, as Walters said, "defend peace and liberty" against guerrillas. [See Clifford Krauss, "Guatemala's Indian Wars," *The Nation*, March 14.] Among other targets, the guerrillas have managed to dynamite the pipeline that runs to Puerto Barrios, on the Caribbean, from oil fields that belong to a pair of joint-venture producers, Elf Aquitaine and Basic Resources International. Guerrilla groups put the pipeline out of commission for three days in April and have hit it about once a week ever since. U.S. oil companies are reluctant to commit major resources to Guatemala until this kind of "investment risk" is minimized.

The Guatemalan government has told Washington it needs spare parts for its fleet of U.S.-built Huey helicopters (also useful for strafing Indian villages) and eventually more substantial matériel, including sophisticated fighter planes. Now, with oil reserves to conjure with, the generals will probably get their hardware.

■ SPAIN: Political Bank Job

Spanish political commentators are almost unanimous in calling the official police report on the May 23 bank assault in Barcelona part of a "climate of subversion" threatening Spanish democracy. The report made no mention of the political motives of the assailants, who held more than 200 people hostage for thirty-seven hours, even though they had demanded, among other things, the release of four of the Civil Guard commanders now in prison in connection with the unsuccessful coup attempt of February 23. Prime Minister Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo announced in Parliament on May 27 that the police had linked the bank takeover with

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ELIZABETH FARNSWORTH AND STEPHEN TALBOT

the right-wing coup attempt. But in their official report released on June 3, the police claimed that the bank assailants were only pretending to be political, and were actually "common robbers." The public reacted with understandable skepticism.

One of these police-styled common criminals is the leader of the Barcelona operation, José Juan Martinez Gómez. Gómez has a suspicious record. He was arrested in the mid-1970s along with a group of anarchists for setting a fire in Barcelona, but was immediately released. Then, in 1977, he was kicked out of the National Confederation of Workers, an anarchist union, which accused him of informing for the police and the Civil Guard.

One commentator writing in *El País* observed that the police report did not help the credibility of the government. He added: "Saying there's a latent climate of subversion in Spain is like saying you've discovered the Mediterranean."

■ JAPAN: Nuclear Nightmares Again

While Japan was still shaken by former U.S. Ambassador Edwin Reischauer's revelation that U.S. ships had for years carried atomic weapons in and out of Japanese ports, the Japanese press revealed another atomic secret. According to Kyodo News Service and the mass-circulation newspaper *Asahi Shimbun*, there was an accident involving a nuclear weapon in August 1979 on board the U.S.S. *Worden*, a guided missile cruiser berthed at Yokosuka on Tokyo Bay. The press accounts said the accident took place during a training mission. Yokosuka is the home port for the United States Seventh Fleet and has been the scene of large-scale, militant demonstrations this month against the U.S. aircraft carrier *Midway*, which is normally armed with some seventy-five to 100 nuclear weapons on its fighter planes.

An American public affairs officer in Japan, Lieut. Ruth Noonan, confirmed that the nuclear weapons accident had indeed taken place on the *Worden*, and while it was in port, not at sea. The ship is usually armed with at least one nuclear ASROC, an antisubmarine rocket.

■ BRAZIL: Army Provocateurs

With "Soviet-supported" terrorism receiving top billing in Washington these days, the state-supported kind in Latin America is best left unnoticed. How else explain Washington's silence in the face of recent terrorist acts by the political wing of Brazil's army, the infamous Division of Operations and Information (D.O.I.)?

On May Day eve, in a Rio de Janeiro convention center, 20,000 young people gathered for a concert organized by the leftist Brazilian Democratic Center. Outside, in the parking lot, a bomb exploded prematurely. It ripped apart a sports car, injured the driver (an army captain) and killed a sergeant, whose wounds showed he was holding the bomb when it exploded. Both men were members of the D.O.I. Ten minutes later a second bomb exploded near a 25,000-volt transformer providing power to the concert. TV Globo, Brazil's most powerful channel, got film of other bombs and electronic paraphernalia in the ruins of the sports car. Apparently, the bombers intended to create havoc at the concert and then blame it on the left.

While some army officers immediately tried to cover up the incident, the Commander of Rio's First Army, Gen. Gentil Marcondes, released a short statement admitting that the two officers were on "official duty" at the concert. Marcondes also served as pallbearer for the dead sergeant, who was buried with full military honors.

This episode confirmed what most Brazilians already knew: powerful groups within the military are using terrorism in an attempt to put an end to President João Baptista Figueiredo's policy of *abertura*, a political opening which has included scheduling elections, legalizing some left political parties and proclaiming amnesty for exiles. Other targets of terrorism in recent months have included labor and lawyers' groups and newsstands selling progressive papers. Often the terrorist operations are made to appear the work of the left.

The D.O.I. apparently acts for military hard-liners who worry that *abertura* will lead to a resurgence of leftist political parties and also to trials for torturers. Already lists of torturers have been published and civil suits brought against the government by victims' families. So far no one has been disciplined or charged in connection with the May Day eve bombings, and a promised government investigation has fizzled. The hard-liners seem to have won this round, asserting once again the army's absolute right to avoid public scrutiny.

■ UPDATE: Israel . . . Laos

"If an Arab state like Iraq goes nuclear, it is inviting preemption. The Israelis would never let the Iraqis get that far." Those were the prophetic words of an official with the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency who spoke with us seven months ago [see "Dispatches," December 20, 1980]. The Israeli bombing raid that destroyed Iraq's French-supplied nuclear reactor on June 7 is a frightening indication of how deadly the nuclear arms race in the Middle East has already become.

That bizarre scheme plotted by ex-Green Berets to rescue alleged P.O.W.s still being held in Southeast Asia—which we described in the May 2 "Dispatches"—has been confirmed and one-upped by a *Washington Post* investigative report late last month. According to *Post* sources, the private mission we wrote about ran out of funds from P.O.W. families. At that point, the U.S. government stepped in and secretly financed and trained a force of Asian mercenaries, who slipped into Laos in early May to investigate sketchy intelligence data which indicated that American P.O.W.s might be in a jungle prison camp. As might have been predicted, it was a wild-goose chase. The mercenaries reported no evidence whatsoever of any Americans.

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ARTICLES.

LATIN AMERICAN WITCH HUNT

Haig's Cuban Quarantine

PENNY LERNOUX

Bogotá

Alexander Haig may not have succeeded in putting down the insurrection in El Salvador but he has very nearly achieved his broader objective of isolating Cuba. Country after country in Latin America has fallen into line behind the State Department's diplomatic freeze: only six still have full relations with Cuba, three of which are small Caribbean nations without political clout. Four countries formerly friendly to Cuba—Ecuador, Colombia, Costa Rica and Panama—have either suspended relations or are revising them. Relations with Jamaica and Venezuela also are on ice following the ouster of Social Democratic governments by center-right administrations in those countries.

Panama reportedly is miffed at Cuba's failure to press the Salvadoran guerrillas for a negotiated settlement, while the Costa Rican government is using Cuba as a scapegoat to divert attention from severe economic problems and to counter the political backlash against its earlier support for the Sandinists' overthrow of Anastasio Somoza. Upset by Cuba's handling of an assault on its Havana embassy by would-be exiles, the Ecuadoreans want a formal apology from Castro's regime. In Colombia the military claims to have proof that Cubans trained guerrillas in the April 19 Movement, commonly known as M-19.

Real or contrived, the complaints have a strong gringo odor. Colombia, for example, suspended relations with Cuba on the sole testimony of a teen-age guerrilla, who claimed that he and eighty others belonging to the M-19 were trained in Cuba. Under questioning by reporters, the youth admitted that he could not remember the name of a single Cuban place or person, although he had seen Fidel Castro on television; nor did he know the source of the M-19's arms. Five days after the diplomatic break, Colombian Defense Minister Luis Carlos Camacho Leyva visited Washington, where he met with Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and high-level State Department officials. State Department sources said that discussions included U.S. military assistance to Colombia, among the highest in Latin America, as well as alleged Cuban training of Colombian guerrillas.

Although U.S. officials claim that Castro's diplomatic troubles are entirely his own doing, they acknowledge that it "would be counterproductive" for the United States to take credit for Cuba's reversals, since no Latin American government wants to look like Washington's stooge. Nevertheless, the message from General Haig has come through loud and clear: governments that want economic and military assistance from the United States had better take sides against Cuba.

Not coincidentally, the two nations most affected by Haig's witch hunt—Costa Rica and Colombia—are among the few surviving democracies in Latin America. Long known as the "Switzerland of Central America" because of its democratic traditions, Costa Rica recently has undergone an ominous change. Political refugees have been deported—an unheard-of event in a country that always prided itself on hospitality to exiles of every political persuasion. Human-rights activists and Catholic priests have been threatened with expulsion. A regional radio station that reported on human-rights violations was closed down, and the offices of an ecumenical publishing house were raided by the police. Following a memorial service for slain Salvadoran priests held in the San José Cathedral, the police entered the church and detained eighteen foreigners, including nuns and priests, over the protests of the archbishop and members of Costa Rica's legislative assembly.

The crackdown reflects President Rodrigo Carazo's about-face, under local and foreign pressure, from active supporter of the Sandinist insurrectionists to hostile critic of Nicaragua's revolutionary government. Carazo and a former Cabinet member have been accused of encouraging Costa Rica's burgeoning arms black market by funneling weapons to the Sandinists. The President also is held responsible for the country's mounting economic difficulties, including 40 percent inflation, a large foreign debt and precariously low foreign reserves, although some of these problems stem from heavy dependence on imported oil. The government is under strong pressure from the International Monetary Fund to slash social services, particularly education and health, but Carazo so far has resisted, saying that such cuts would "thrust Costa Rica into the eye of the Central American hurricane." Explained a Costa Rican priest: "This is a country which has gone into hock to get a semblance of democracy. The question is whether it can get out of hock without losing even that semblance of democracy."

Costa Ricans pride themselves on their unique (for Latin America) lack of a national army, which was abolished by the 1948 Constitution. But security police, counterinsurgency forces and the civil guard have expanded significantly in number and cost since the 1970s, with a corresponding growth in power. For many years Costa Rican security forces have undergone training at military schools in the neighboring dictatorships of El Salvador and Guatemala. Until recently, more Costa Ricans graduated from the Pentagon's military schools in Panama and the United States than either Guatemalans or Salvadorans. And numerous members of the elite military police have been sent to

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courses at the Carabineros (police) School in Chile. Not surprisingly, the concept of "national security," so popular in Latin America's Southern Cone, has also infected Costa Rica. One of the casualties in this Latin cold war has been diplomatic relations with Cuba, which Costa Rica suspended on the basis of a fancied insult at the United Nations.

In contrast, the Colombian government's break with Cuba is a byproduct of a decade-long process of political deterioration that some political leaders fear could end in a military coup. Since 1978, when President Julio César Turbay Ayala declared a draconian national security statute and gave the military a free hand in the militarization of the Guajira Peninsula, the armed forces' substantial influence has grown even more. Washington urged a crackdown on the booming marijuana industry centered in the northeastern peninsula, but the campaign had to be abandoned after two years, not only because it failed but because of the corrupting influence on the armed forces.

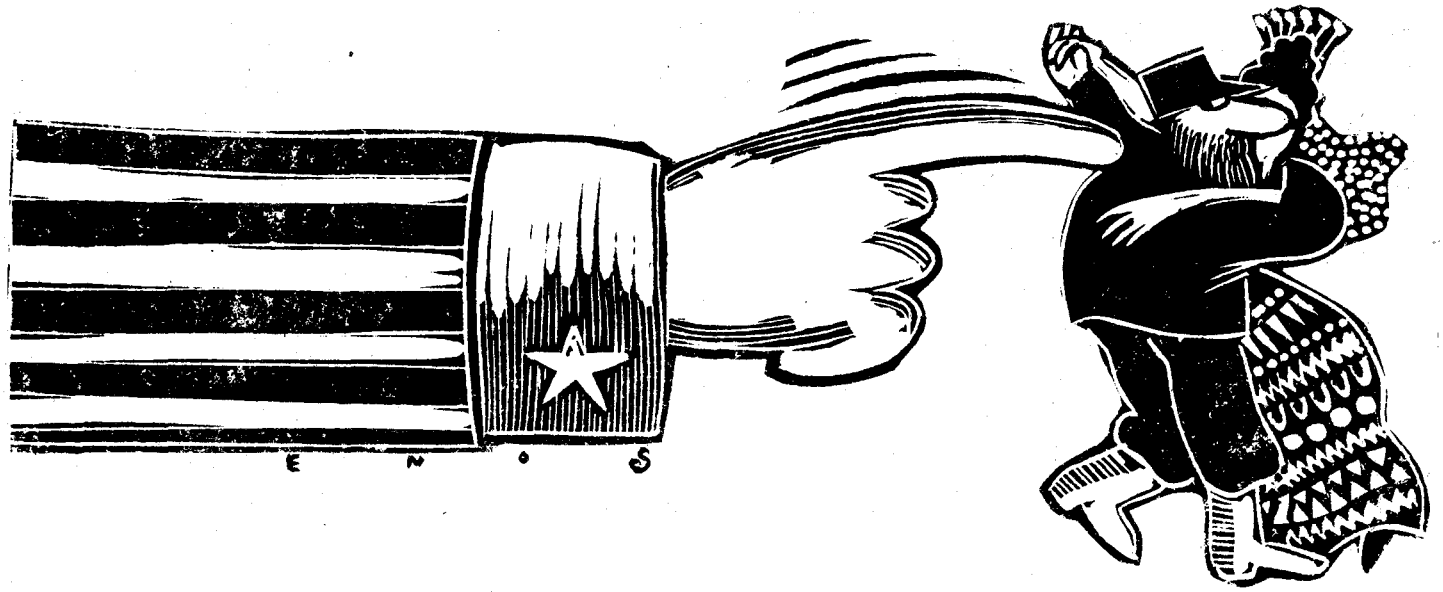
The security statute has enabled the military to arrest guerrilla suspects without *habeas corpus* for summary trial. An on-site investigation by Amnesty International reported that the law had led to many abuses, including the arrest of "individuals . . . solely for the nonviolent exercise of their human rights." Amnesty also identified thirty-three torture centers. (The security law has since been replaced by a tough new penal code.)

Guerrilla groups have existed in Colombia for two decades, but until the emergence of the M-19 in the mid-1970s, Colombian governments never treated them as more than remote nuisances. Unlike older guerrilla organizations, the M-19 showed a flair for publicity, pulling off several spectacular capers, including a massive arms robbery literally under the military's nose and the seizure last year of the Dominican Republic's embassy and two dozen diplomatic hostages, including the U.S. ambassador. (The hostages eventually were freed, thanks to Castro's offer to fly them and the guerrillas to Havana.)

Like the rest of the Colombian left, however, the M-19 has cannibalistic tendencies. Earlier this year, its leadership split, and the "hard-liners" kidnapped and killed a U.S. Protestant missionary [see Bill Wallace, "Missionaries With a Mission?" *The Nation*, May 30], apparently to spite the "soft-liners." The latter had gone to mount a guerrilla offensive in the remote regions by the Putumayo River along the Ecuadorean frontier, which resulted in a complete rout of the guerrillas. With the help of Ecuadorean authorities, the Colombian military killed nineteen of them and captured another seventy-four, including most of the M-19 leadership (another hundred Colombians charged with belonging to the M-19 were already locked up in a Bogotá jail). Earlier army reports of a "foreign invasion" notwithstanding, the military confirmed that guerrilla arms confiscated were U.S.- and German-made (probably part of the booty from the earlier arms robbery). Castro, for his part, vehemently denied that his government had given the M-19 "a single arm" or that it had anything to do with the jungle offensive, as the army had charged.

Cuba was not the only loser in the political aftermath: both President Turbay and Colombian novelist Gabriel García Márquez paid a price. Turbay had set his heart on a long-scheduled visit to the Soviet Union and China. Unperturbed by the awkward timing, Turbay argued that the Russians could not be responsible for everything the Cubans did, and went ahead with plans for his departure. The military did not see it that way, however: according to high-level sources, pressure by the army forced Turbay to abandon the visit at the last minute. Ranking members of Turbay's Liberal Party expressed dismay at the President's capitulation, and his predecessor, Alfonso López Michelsen, warned that groups were beginning to appear "who were ready to sacrifice freedom in exchange for the greater security given by the armed forces—something which all liberal spirits must oppose." Former President Carlos Lleras Restrepo said that there were so many "things that repel me" in Colombia that he might resign from the Liberal Party leadership.

Turbay faced yet another embarrassment when García Márquez sought refuge in the Mexican Embassy, claiming



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that three important sources, "including a high government official," had warned him that a military order had been issued for his arrest. The Turbay administration dismissed the writer's claim as a publicity gambit coinciding with the publication of his new novelette, but García Márquez said that he did not need to resort to cheap theatrics (the book's first printing of a million copies was sold out weeks before the book hit the stores). He also said that civil authorities might not have known about the arrest order: "In a government where some say one thing and others do another, and where the military keeps secrets which the civilians don't know, it isn't possible to be certain what is happening."

García Márquez's admiration for Cuba and friendship with Castro are well known, as were his meetings with the M-19 guerrillas on their arrival in Cuba after the Dominican Embassy affair. On the other hand, his distaste for "sterile and counterproductive" terrorism is also public knowledge. Said a well-informed friend of the author: "If I know Gabo, he probably lectured the M-19 guerrillas in Havana on the futility of such methods." (Colombian press sources reported that the M-19 prisoners were all repeatedly questioned about their relationship with García Márquez by army interrogators.)

Generally acknowledged as the most astute politico in Colombia, Turbay enjoyed a steady rise in prestige until the recent flap over the M-19, the aborted trip to Russia and García Márquez's defection. The political situation has become more "confused and inscrutable," in García Márquez's words, because of pressures from the Reagan Administration and the upcoming Presidential elections with a multitude of candidates, none of whom has Turbay's political skills. Former Foreign Minister Alfredo Vásquez Carrizosa, Colombia's most outspoken human-rights advocate, claims that Turbay "has done everything possible to strengthen the political ability of the armed forces." García Márquez, however, suggests that Turbay would like to be more flexible in his dealings with the political opposition but that he is walking a political tightrope.

Historically, Colombia's Liberal Party has always been closer to the U.S. Democrats, which may explain Turbay's lack of enthusiasm for the Reagan Administration publicly. But, like President Carazo in Costa Rica, Turbay has been overtaken by events in Washington and Central America. Not only do the economic elites of Colombia and Costa Rica feel threatened by the Sandinist revolution—which both Carazo and Turbay supported—they also believe Washington's domino theory and are worried about their geographic proximity to the insurrections in El Salvador and Guatemala. With Haig & Co. playing on the military's gut fears of subversion, cold-war politics have inevitably become a factor in the stability of the Colombian and Costa Rican governments. García Márquez's lament is not for Colombia but for the entire region: the Reagan Administration, he says, is "not interested in just solutions to our countries' problems" but "wants only to use us as another chip in the war of nerves between the United States and the Soviet Union." □

CHILD LABOR AND PESTICIDES

The Lethal Cloud Of Indifference

PAULA DiPERNA

Cynthia Cuevas, age 14, is a legal child farm laborer who works with her parents picking oranges and tomatoes any time there is no school, including after classes, on weekends, holidays and summer vacations. She has beautiful, black-brown, curious eyes and toffee-colored skin, and as she speaks she projects a poignant pride that the money she earns from picking makes an important contribution to her family's income. Shyly but firmly she relates that she feels "real dizzy" and "real itchy" sometimes when she is working in the fields. Occasionally her nose bleeds while she is picking, for no apparent reason. Her sisters, Lilia, 16, and Sylvia, 15, add their experiences—they too are legal workers. All the children of the family are occasionally bothered by nosebleeds in the fields; the itchiness and dizziness affect their parents, Fernando and Irene, too.

Fernando is a union organizer and more political and aware of his rights than most farm workers. He blames his family's ills on the constant application of pesticides and fumigants to the crops and soils with which they are in regular contact. That pesticides cause illness among farm workers has been publicly discussed at least since 1958, when an article on parathion poisoning among crop workers in California appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Official discussion continues, dangerous chemicals, including parathion, continue to be used and workers continue to get sick.

But little research has been done on the question of illness among the children of farm workers. Child farm labor itself persists because the parents aren't paid enough to support themselves and their families. In 1970, the American Friends Service Committee reported that 25 percent of all farm labor in the United States was performed by children. In 1981, there are an estimated 397,000 children, age 8 through 15, who work mostly in agriculture, according to the Department of Labor, compared with 1.2 million adults. These figures are generally conceded to be too low.

Farm workers are given no warnings about the hazards of the various pesticides with which they come in contact. Fernando Cuevas, whose family works the citrus fields of Florida from fall to summer and the tomato fields of Ohio from summer to fall, credits his union with awakening him to the dangers to his family. "Before I got active in 1978, I

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had no idea what pesticides were. I feel bad to think of it now. In Ohio, my kids were working while someone sprayed right by them, and, worse, my babies were in the field too, playing in the dirt while the rest of us worked, everybody handling tomatoes with that white stuff on them and nobody knowing it was dangerous."

There is practically no scientific literature on the greater hazards to children of pesticide ingestion or effects of long-term indirect and direct exposure. The lack of information became obvious last summer when berry growers in the Northwest were enjoined by a Federal court from using 10- and 11-year-old harvesters—on whom this industry claims to be dependent—because the growers could not guarantee that the pesticides involved were safe for use around this young population. In fact, several of the chemicals are suspected carcinogens and/or mutagens.

Dr. Renate Kimbrough, a specialist in pesticide toxicology at the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, has a strong interest in children and readily acknowledges a need for research. "I tried to locate a speaker in this area for a conference and found there isn't one. It would be good to point out how little is known." She adds—and many researchers agree—that what evidence there is gives cause for concern. Among the findings: poor nourishment may make people more susceptible to the effects of toxic substances, and it is well known that many farm-worker children suffer from malnutrition; in some cases where children have been exposed to the same level of a toxic substance as adults, children seem to have higher levels of the poison in their blood; rates of absorption of chemicals through the skin are higher among children; disruption in brain function due to pesticide exposure has been shown to last longer than previously thought. A major problem is establishing re-entry standards, that is, the time that must elapse after spraying until it is safe for a field team to work. This is difficult to determine even for adults, and re-entry level standards calibrated to children's body weights do not yet exist.

Child farm workers are exposed to pesticides directly and indirectly. Lilia Cuevas reminded her father of a recent incident in Florida where she and her father's crew were picking oranges when a spray machine came close to the workers. The spray man refused to tell Cuevas what chemical was being applied. "They never tell us what they are spraying," Cuevas says bitterly. "They maybe don't know themselves. If a typical worker had been there that day, he would have kept on picking without asking questions, kids and all. Nobody asks anything; nobody tells anything."

The Cuevas family's case is not an isolated one, nor are they a pack of troublemakers. A study by Florida Rural Legal Services coordinated by attorney Kathryn Grannis in September 1980 reported that 48 percent of more than 400 farm workers interviewed had been sprayed directly at least once while harvesting. Of the workers, 74.8 percent reported symptoms of pesticide illness.

In Florida, where agriculture is the second most important industry (after tourism), the child labor laws "are so flagrantly violated that it is commonplace to find kids out there," says Steve Heredeen of the Wauchula office of Rural Legal Services. "You see whole families, or individual kids, all the time." Stella Walker, a veteran farm worker and citrus fruit picker, told me, "You can't make it when it's time to pay your bills unless you take your kids out picking too." John Blue, 16, picks every Saturday and knows many young people who have dropped out of school to pick all the time. "I don't like picking well enough to drop out of school to do it," he says. Even assuming that all the child labor one sees in Florida is legal, which it is not, on a nonschool day at least ten children can be seen with many crews of forty adults if the crews comprise extended families, which is often the case.

Children, who work mainly as pickers, risk being sprayed directly, as well as suffering chronic exposure. Picking tomatoes, for example, children reach into the tangled mass of vines, hand over hand, being careful while pulling out the tomatoes not to destroy the plant. It takes a lot of contact with foliage—sprayed foliage—and a strong thumb to remove a tomato from a commercial vine. Though adults often wear plastic gloves, I saw no child using gloves (are there work gloves sized for children?), and almost all the children were wearing short-sleeved shirts. Many of the chemicals used in Florida have no re-entry waiting times. When the spray dries, the workers start picking. (When I picked, my long-sleeved shirt cuffs carried off a brown powder. There was no way to determine what the powder was, since this particular field had been sprayed with at least four different substances the day before and who knows how many before that.) As the children sweat in the 80- to 90-degree heat, they wipe their faces with their hands or the backs of their arms. Although Florida law requires that the farmer must provide a portable toilet, water for washing, soap, towels, drinking water and paper cups, I saw only drinking water—and that with a single metal cup. There was not one portable toilet to be seen in 800 miles of driving through field areas, on and off paved roads. Consequently, a child who had to use the toilet either did not, or went off to the bushes with neither clean hands nor toilet paper. (Dermal exposure figures significantly in pesticide poisoning, and genital areas seem to have higher absorption levels.)

All workers were exposed to chemicals by breathing as well as by touching plants. Vapors of pesticides due to volatilization can be found days after chemical application and for some persistent substances, even a season later. Children normally breathe about twice as much air as adults per unit of body weight; children working and lifting thirty-pound buckets of tomatoes breathe even faster. Recurrent respiratory illness plagues farm children, but there has been no research into possible links with exposure to pesticides.

Children who are too young to pick are also exposed. Their parents have no place to leave them during working hours because day-care centers are inadequate or nonexistent in many farm-worker communities. In Ruskin, Florida, the Redlands Christian Day-Care Center, which can accommodate eighty-five children, already had a waiting list of

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eighty-seven before an expected influx of workers for the spring tomato harvest.

There is no refuge from pesticides even at home. In Ruskin, just before the spring tomato harvest, a sprayer covered a field with fertilizer, calcium, Pinolene (a pesticide extender) and the insecticide Monitor. The spray wafted across the street to the poorly painted houses and trailers of farm workers that ran along two sides of the field. There were several women at home, hanging wash outside, and a few small children playing around in the grass. I knocked at the door of one house and a pregnant woman came to answer. I asked her if the spray bothered her—the Monitor label says harmful if swallowed, inhaled, or absorbed through the skin—and she shrugged and said, "No, just the smell." Then she added a remark I might be accused of making up: "They wouldn't spray it, I guess, if it was dangerous."

The degree of ignorance on the part of farm workers about pesticides is not surprising, since they receive practically no information from their employers. Most workers call the chemicals simply "the sprays"; in fact, Mexican workers who speak only Spanish have adopted the English word. None of those I spoke to knew one spray from another; applicators knew brand names only and then sometimes all they knew was that a chemical was "poison." Poisonous in what way, they did not know. The word has ceased to mean anything—nearly all pesticides are poisons. Most workers knew they should not be sprayed directly, but they didn't know how close was too close. Worse, it is as much in the adult worker's interest not to know as it is to allow children to pick. If workers are sick, they can't work. And if work is making them sick, they must essentially choose between their health and their livelihood.

Most cases of acute poisoning occur because workers reenter the fields too soon after spraying. There are about 1,500 cases a year reported in California, where the best monitoring system is. Estimates of lesser incidents run as high as 14,000 per year in California. Florida has had a voluntary reporting system for only a year and a half and so far it has received very few referrals having to do with worker safety, and none to do with children. A crew's poisoning in Salinas, California, last year involved three children, 10, 12 and 15, who had to be hospitalized for treatment and who still suffer from poison symptoms. When such incidents grab headlines, public attention focuses momentarily.

Chronic exposures, however, defy monitoring systems and traditional means of measurement. In the Parrish County, Florida, Migrant Worker Health Clinic, the head nurse describes the cases of chronic exposure she observes daily: "We see a lot of it in adults and children: contact dermatitis, headaches, eye irritation." When asked if the workers suggest it might be pesticides, she replied, "No, they are very tactful. They don't accuse. They probably have had it happen before and it happens to them again and again. They are in a hurry to get back to work."

How much exposure is "a lot" is difficult to say because correlating symptoms with pesticide exposure is extremely difficult. Dr. Ruben Gomez, physician at the clinic, corroborated the nurse's comments, although he tended to think that the rashes were simply allergic reactions. Dr. Kimbrough of the Center for Disease Control believes that most field physicians are too poorly trained to recognize pesticide poisonings and almost never write proper reports on a case, which would permit follow-up. "We almost never get tissue levels, never see good records," she says. Only the alert and informed rural physician can make the connection between chemicals and workers and, as Dr. Gomez observes, "Only when we ask if they were near any poisons do the workers bring it up."

Rosalie Serrano, director of the Ruskin Migrant Clinic, was more straightforward. She had talked of this before. "I'll speak to you," she said, "but I've given this information to all kinds of government agencies. Everyone knows what the situation is, that there is a problem. It's time to do something about it." Serrano has a firsthand familiarity with farm workers' problems. "Don't expect too much activism from the patient. They have got to make a living even if they know they are being exposed. We have seen some adults with low enough cholinesterase levels [pesticides depress body levels of this enzyme] to suggest that they leave the field, but these are isolated cases. We don't have the kind of rampant acute problem they have elsewhere."

Dr. Charles R. Stark, resident physician at the Ruskin clinic, is well informed but very cynical about the possibility for improvement. "I agree that there is serious exposure among children; I agree there's exposure from multiple sources. But I will question any possible attempt to quantify the situation. It can't be done." Stark, formerly an epidemiologist at the National Institutes of Health, respects his former colleagues but believes that standard epidemiology has no hope of resolving pesticide exposure problems. "Traditional cause and effect studies won't work. There is no study that will be able to say when reentry is O.K. There are too many variables interfering at each step of the process."

One thing is clear, however: the solution to chronic and acute pesticide exposure in children is tied to solving the

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problem for adults. As long as worker safety has a low priority in the U.S. agriculture system, there will be no diminishing of pesticide exposure. The answer lies in breaking the control of crew leaders over the workers, but, most of all, in eliminating ignorance and fear. A concerted grass-roots educational campaign, camp to camp, shack to shack, would not only help truly gauge the problem but bring pressure to bear on growers and government. Farm workers do not willingly expose their children to pesticides; when they are aware of the dangers, they would rather their children did not have to work at all.

O'Neil Daniel, a former citrus fruit picker, took the words and formed a simple question: "Why don't they just come out here and ask the workers what is going on? Then make sure they don't get fired for talking. They will hear all they need to hear." □

ALASKAN CULTURE SHOCK

Selling Energy To the Eskimos

STEVEN FERREY

Like other Native Americans, the Eskimos have finally been sold a bill of goods. Progress has recently brought to their cold lands the electric icebox, prepackaged frozen foods, the snowmobile, television and sky-high, unaffordable fuel prices to power these modern conveniences. Millenniums-old Native Alaskan culture is being swept away—but no new society has begun to take its place. Alaska has new-found oil riches, but while urban Alaska is spending lavishly and raking in tax revenues, the Eskimo is paying dearly for the state's unbounded oil wealth. "I know every people, every village, everybody got heart aching," laments an elderly Eskimo woman.

The destruction of the last remaining subsistence cultures on the North American continent has been fueled by the rapacious exploitation of Alaskan oil and gas resources. While the discovery of oil has brought great wealth to Alaska's coffers, and brought a modern cash economy to the "bush," it has disabled the Alaskan natives' chances of survival in either traditional or industrialized economies.

The pattern of destruction began with the discovery of oil under Prudhoe Bay in 1968. In 1971, Congress enacted the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, legislation designed to circumvent native lawsuits contesting title to land that the Trans-Alaska pipeline would cross. The act granted native villages and their regional corporations almost $1 billion and the right to select from a carefully designated forty-four million acres of land (12 percent of the state) not on the oil pipeline route as full settlement for all claims. With few exceptions, the land available to and chosen by Alaska's 175 native villages proved barren of mineral wealth.

A select few of the twelve native regional corporations, such as Sealaska and Arctic Slope, have prospered financially by investing in companies that are profiting from Alaska's burgeoning land and mineral boom. Others, such as the Calista Corporation, which includes most western Eskimo villages, are near bankruptcy. Some regional corporations, whose directors lack the requisite expertise to deal with the intricacies of investment banking, have turned over the management of their portfolios to Anglo professionals. The latter have little sensitivity to native issues and have not hesitated to invest the natives' financial resources in speculative commercial ventures and rural land exploitation schemes that threaten the Eskimos' traditional subsistence culture. This paradox is graphically displayed in downtown Anchorage, where employees of posh tourist hotels owned by regional corporations anxiously roust out jobless Eskimos who attempt to pass idle hours in their lobbies.

The Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act made a deliberate choice: it gave natives cash, rather than a greater share of the land that has traditionally sustained them. The cash settlement, combined with seasonal work between 1974-77 on distant pipeline construction, introduced a cash economy to villages which had only recently been centuries removed from urban Alaska and all modern life. Within a decade, this frontier was breached by the aggressive sale of electricity, iceboxes and snowmobiles to the natives. "We didn't know we were poor until outsiders came and told us we were," reflected a village man. Pipeline construction ceased in 1977; natives were without any source of income; inflation exploded with the production of Alaskan oil, and energy to power the transformed villages was unaffordable. The cash-over-land settlement had proved disastrous for the natives: cash disappears with unemployment and rising prices; the land is always there.

Today, the effects of these changes are clearly visible in the Yup'ik Eskimo villages along the Bering Sea coast of Western Alaska. Pilot Station, population 125, is typical. Four hundred miles from any surface which might be considered a navigable road, half as far from Siberia as it is from Juneau, alien to all but the elements, the land is visited by arctic winters that hang for weeks at 40 degrees below zero.

Before pipeline construction began, the subsistence culture of Pilot Station had remained frozen in time for thousands of years. The cycle of life followed the rhythms of the land and waters. The river offered up its summer bounty of fish and driftwood; sealgut raingear and boots were made from the byproducts of the hunt for furs and meat; the natives fed fish to the husky teams that transported hunters hundreds of miles in search of game; food was preserved for winter by smoking and drying. Now the mud huts which were heated with a single seal-oil lamp are gone. In their place stretch rows of sod-roofed log cabins raised on stilts against the Yukon's spring flooding. Heat

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escapes from these dwellings rapidly; as a result, a single-room log cabin can cost as much as $2,000 annually to heat with oil.

New housing, subsidized jointly by the Housing and Urban Development Department and the Bureau of Indian Affairs, has been put up, but these pastel boxes were not built to resist the bitter arctic winter. Pilot Station's mayor, Dave Cartier, says, "The new B.I.A. houses are so poorly constructed and cost so much to heat that many of our people prefer the old log cabins."

Everywhere loom empty oil drums, silent witnesses to the transformation of the villages. Oil is now Pilot Station's lifeblood: it fuels home stoves; heats dwellings; powers village electric generators, which drive the lights, washing machines and televisions; and propels the ubiquitous snowmobiles. In Pilot Station, or Akiak, one can still find traditional racks of gutted salmon strung up in the fall, drying above the snowmobiles and empty oil barrels, like a found-art sculpture symbolizing the clash of the old and the new ways.

When energy was cheap, modern energy-consuming technology could be grafted onto subsistence cultures that possessed no cash economy. But now that petroleum costs are skyrocketing, villages like Pilot Station are unable to afford the new necessities of life. Phil Smith, director of the Rural Alaska Community Action Program (RurAL CAP), observes: "There is a poignant irony in all this: in our scramble to develop oil and to build a pipeline to get it to market down south, we created a devastating inflationary spiral which leaves low-income rural Alaskans to suffer from problems they didn't create but which are so large only the government can effectively deal with them."

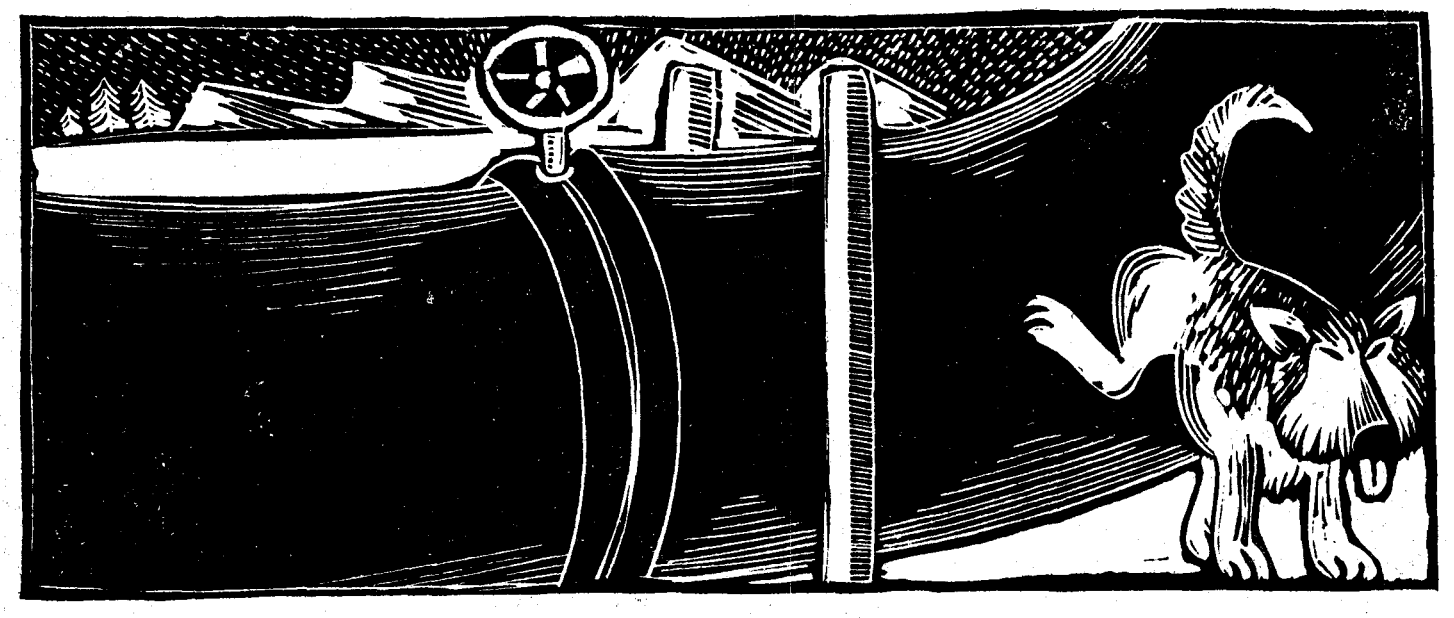
In the remote Eskimo villages of the Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta, oil or gasoline delivered in 1979 could cost $3 or more per gallon. Oil-generated electricity supplied by the Alaskan Village Electric Cooperative (AVEC) costs most Delta villages 40 cents per kilowatt-hour, roughly ten times the cost to most other American towns. A RurAL CAP survey of families in the village of Chevak reveals that in 1979, fully 55 percent of family income was required for necessary electricity and fuel: six times greater than the energy burden on the average American family.

Though the Alaskan peninsula floats atop as much as 50 billion barrels of oil and natural gas fields which could yield 100 trillion cubic feet, basic energy requirements have destroyed the Native Alaskans' once stable culture. To understand this puzzle one must examine the twisted and bifurcated flow of Alaskan oil, the role of transportation within Alaska and the ownership of key resources in this frozen wilderness.

Alaskan energy resources flow in a dual energy market. Some inexpensive oil and gas moves directly to affluent urban areas and is refined and consumed. The remainder is exported to refineries along the west coast of the continental United States. Before a drop of oil reaches the Yup'ik in Pilot Station, it flows 5,000 miles to California and back again. As state oil and natural gas stoke the prosperity of Anchorage and Fairbanks and flow at Valdez into supertankers bound for California, the native villages are relegated to the status of little more than energy colonies of the lower forty-eight states, though it is their old lands that have provided this modern bounty.

The power brokers of urban Alaska skim the cream off the state's mineral wealth, and profit from an energy market that victimizes Alaska's original inhabitants. Akiak, Eek and dozens of other native villages are the last stop on the long trail of Alaskan oil. Piped across the state and shipped away for processing, refined oil products are reimported from Los Angeles or Seattle to Seward or Anchorage, trucked to Nenana on the Yukon and then barged into the bush. Barging adds 30 to 50 cents to the already inflated cost of this imported oil.

Even this price is a comparative bargain. When the rivers are frozen in winter, choked by spring debris, or too low in summer, oil must arrive in 55-gallon drums by small plane, which can as much as triple the cost of fuel. In 1979, in the village of Saint Marys, each gallon of oil delivered by plane bore a $1.47 freight charge. Electricity generated by AVEC



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costs roughly ten times as much as equivalent power in Anchorage, San Francisco or most other American communities. Even with this sky-high tariff, however, AVEC is losing money and warns of future rate increases. A tenfold increase in electricity expenses would destroy almost any family budget. In the Alaskan bush, it has been the catalyst of cultural destruction.

The cash requirement for energy forces an unenviable dilemma on the families of Pilot Station and neighboring villages each summer. Because the severe climate compresses the native workyear into a few short summer months, either the subsistence or conventional currency for survival must be earned while the weather permits. In the remote bush, the pursuit of cash now replaces the harvest as the critical summer occupation, splitting apart families in summer so that the men may work in urban areas in fire-fighting, construction or cannery jobs. But the minimal cash they earn in Anchorage as cheap labor cannot keep pace with the escalating cost of oil. And that fuel, in the village of Chevak, is now reported to be worth six times its weight in whitefish.

The consequences of the cash economy are harsh. When they cannot afford fuel, whole families must huddle in their neighbors' single-room cabins to survive the winter. And sometimes even these measures have limits. In the tiny village of Mintow, near Fairbanks, the entire village's electric supply has remained shut off for more than a year because some residents were not able to pay utility bills. "Fair market value for energy in Alaska is the price you pay just before you freeze," observes Bill Sumner, former chairman of the State Senate's Resources Committee.

Perhaps the last chance for rural villages rests in the sensitive use of money generated by the state's oil-severance tax. The state skims a 12.5 percent royalty share from the top of every barrel of North Slope crude or natural gas that percolates to the surface, currently about one-half billion barrels annually. At today's prices this translates to an annual state share exceeding $2 billion, or $5,000 per citizen. In March 1980, Native Alaskans from around the state gathered in Juneau to make recommendations to the governor and legislature regarding allocation of these funds. The delegates supported a host of proposals to finance rural energy self-sufficiency employing indigenous technologies.

Renewable energy resources are abundant in the Alaskan bush. Many villages along the Bering Sea and Aleutian Islands are visited throughout the year by strong Arctic winds, peaking during winter months and sufficient to power wind generators at a fraction of current electric costs. Encircling the Indian settlements of the interior, dense combustible hardwood forests stretch in every direction as far as the eagles fly. Alaska harbors half the nation's peat resources. A recent survey by the Army Corps of Engineers concludes that Alaska's rivers can provide an amazing 47 percent of the nation's 448,000 megawatts of untapped hydropower. The development of these decentralized resources makes unassailable economic and cultural sense.

After years of inaction and indifference, the state legislature responded to the Native Alaskan delegates. Legislation enacted last July provides $13 million in grants and loans to individuals. Included in this package are homeowner grants of up to $300 for weatherization, loans at 5 percent interest for energy efficiency and renewable energy improvements, a $250,000 revolving emergency loan fund to assist villages to purchase fuel and grants not exceeding $60,000 for villages to construct bulk oil storage facilities. In addition, it provides the Alaska Power Authority a $2.9 million appropriation to attempt to place a ceiling on the costs villagers must pay for electric energy. A companion law earmarks $53.8 million for hydroelectric and other village electric projects (some of which will be repaid once a project is operational).

Government policy makers, inexperienced at coping with problems of technological obsolescence, are even less able to deal with problems of culture. The human remnants left behind in Appalachian coal towns attest to our failure to manage transitions to new energy technologies. Modern energy technology, because it is fueled by expensive, imported oil, has itself become obsolete for many native villages. Policies to underwrite the oil habit of the Alaskan native are also doomed eventually to fail. As Alaska develops, it appears that only policies offering natives the option of energy self-sufficiency can insure that there will be survivors to inhabit the hills and waters with which the Eskimos have, until now, lived in harmony. □

N.Y. Air Grounds The Unions

DAVID MERMELSTEIN

An upstart airline named New York Air is challenging Eastern Air Lines's lucrative shuttle between New York City and Washington, D.C. For Eastern the shuttle represents as much as 5 percent of its total bookings, but the implications are far more serious than a battle between two airlines over a market. What may really be taking place is the first step in the deunionization of the entire airline industry. To understand why, we must look at what has happened to the airline industry since the Airline Deregulation Act of 1978. Despite losses since 1979, airlines view the future with considerable optimism. They share the belief of William Messecar, director of airline economics for Douglas Aircraft, that profits in 1982 "will be dynamite" and followed by a good year in 1983. Airlines like the flexibility that a free market brings in the area of scheduling, pricing, personnel and aircraft. They can abandon unprofitable runs as easily as they can hop into routes previously prohibited them. Deregulation is alleged to increase flexibility in areas such as cost control and make management more aggressively competitive. But the generally positive feelings toward deregulation on the part of the

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airlines may also have another concealed source. Under the 1978 act, unions are only entitled to the Civil Aeronautics Board's (C.A.B.) labor protection provisions if deregulation was the primary cause of layoffs. These protections also have loopholes which make them difficult to implement.

What else in the deregulatory regimen adds to the bullish outlook of the industry? A closer look at New York Air, the new competitor on the block, is revealing. New York Air is a subsidiary of Texas Air Corporation (T.A.C.), a holding company formed only last summer by the stockholders of Texas International (T.X.I.), a regional carrier based in Houston. T.X.I. has achieved a degree of national prominence with its successive attempts to take over National and Trans World Airlines (efforts which failed), and, recently, Continental, all airlines considerably larger than T.X.I.: an impressive achievement for a firm that almost folded earlier in the 1970s.

When Pan American World Airways was forced to enter into a bidding war with Eastern to obtain National, T.X.I. was able to reap a net profit of $60 million on the National shares it owned. This money undoubtedly plays a key role in T.X.I.'s audacious attempt to challenge Eastern's shuttle. In the absence of deregulation, however, even the officials of the parent firm doubt the effort could have been mounted.

New York Air is a determined competitor. In addition to offering 20 to 50 percent discounts off the shuttle's original fare structure (forcing Eastern to lower its fares), it gave special introductory commissions to travel agents. It bullied its way into extra slots at Washington National Airport, prompting one Federal Aviation Administration official to comment, "A lot of people lately have been saying that New York Air is no gentleman."

New York Air is using Texas International's money, aircraft and other resources. But it is not using T.X.I.'s unionized personnel, many of whom have been laid off. Instead, New York Air's pilots, flight attendants and ticket agents are all nonunion. The airline can do this because it is a separate entity from Texas Air Corporation and Texas International, even though Frank Lorenzo serves as chairman of both T.A.C. and New York Air. Other New York Air officials also serve as officers in one of the other two firms.

The advantages to Texas International are obvious. Since the airline industry has more than 3,500 pilots currently on furlough or leave of absence (an unprecedented number), New York Air has been able to hire new cockpit crews from the old Overseas National Airways and the defunct cargo division of Hawaiian Airlines. It is paying captains $30,000 and first officers as little as $16,000 annually. New York Air claims that these pay scales approach what first-year employees elsewhere earn for similar work; nonetheless, when all employees are paid first-year rates, there are considerable savings to be made.

Another advantage of using nonunion labor is that the airline can utilize employees in jobs other than what they were hired for. According to *Aviation Week*, "even pilots are likely to be asked to do some ground handling or other jobs occasionally" at New York Air. Without unions, pilots and flight attendants could be ordered to appear for work on their days off, or have extra hours tacked on to a fatiguing workday.

Not surprisingly, the Air Line Pilots Association (A.L.P.A.) is up in arms. Charging that New York Air's legal independence is a gimmick to bust unions, the association has filed a number of suits. One, before a Federal District Court, argued that T.A.C. is violating a provision in A.L.P.A.'s contract that requires any "successor" firm to T.X.I. be bound by the T.X.I. contract. The court ruled that the National Mediation Board should handle the case under the Railway Labor Act. The decision is being appealed. A second suit challenging the C.A.B.'s certification of New York Air was rejected by the U.S. Court of Appeals.

A.L.P.A. stresses the difference between a genuinely new airline, such as Midway, and New York Air, which is really Texas International under a different logo. If T.X.I. gets away with this, what is to prevent United or Eastern from doing the same? "Make no mistake," J.J. O'Donnell, president of A.L.P.A., warns, "this could happen on any airline, from the largest to the smallest. It is one of the very reasons why our association fought so hard against deregulation."

On April 28, O'Donnell announced that the A.L.P.A. would utilize the "corporate strategy" pioneered by the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union against J.P. Stevens and Company. It has committed itself to spend upward of $500,000 for a period of at least six months—as a start—for boycotts, adverse publicity and similar activities against Texas Air Corporation, along with its subsidiaries and those financial and other corporate institutions that do business with it. A.L.P.A. has engaged Ray Rogers, who directed the Stevens campaign. Pressure is expected to be put on Manufacturers Hanover Trust, which has extended large loans to Texas Air. A group of employees recently attended a T.A.C. shareholders meeting to voice their views, and, after a hiatus, picketing will resume at La Guardia Airport.

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New York Air is coming on strong. Within the next year and a half, it plans to service twenty-two new cities including Atlanta, Baltimore, Chicago, Louisville and Memphis, all with nonunion labor. Originally, New York Air was going to be called Big Apple. The A.L.P.A. suggests that under whatever name, its antiunionism is rotten to the core. □

Labor

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

guilty to embezzlement of union funds and obstruction of justice. Tonelli, who was described by one law-enforcement official as "Carlo Gambino's emissary to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council," was convicted and served a prison term.

Since 1976, many other union leaders have been convicted of crimes, including Federal charges of racketeering, conspiracy, extortion, illegal labor payments, tax evasion and perjury. Among these were high-ranking officials of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, Laborers' International Union of North America, Hotel and Restaurant Employees Union, International Longshoremen's Association and, above all, the Teamsters' Union. A Justice Department memorandum concludes, "Although there have been numerous prosecutions of high-ranking Teamster officials (e.g., William Presser, Allen Dorfman and Jimmy Hoffa), the domination of the Union by organized crime has gone unchecked."

The extent of labor corruption and the widespread control of unions by organized crime was summarized in a report of the Justice Department:

> A majority of the locals in most major cities of the United States in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters (IBT), Hotel and Restaurant Employees (HRE), Laborers' International Union of North America (Laborers), and International Longshoremen's Association (ILA) unions are completely dominated by organized crime. The officials of these unions are firmly entrenched; there is little hope of removing them by a free election process. Convictions for misconduct have been sparse and when one corrupt official is removed another soon takes his place. . . . There are many other unions which are hoodlum infiltrated, such as the Laundry Workers and the Operating Engineers.

The report ticks off the situation in major cities. "Organized crime has a substantial foothold into the labor unions in the New York City area. . . . Over one hundred unions [have] members of organized crime or their associates in positions of power." In Cleveland, the underworld not only controls many local unions but also the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Cleveland Federation of Labor. In Chicago, "syndicate influence is not only heavily concentrated but disciplined. The control comes directly from the top of the Chicago organization. The rosters of these locals are littered with the names of men whose job it is to serve the syndicate as enforcers and muscle men. The collective bargaining agreements, health and life insurance contracts and investment of union funds are negotiated by men who have as their primary aim the protecting of syndicate business interests and lining their own pockets." This pattern is repeated in other cities across the country.

The most important source of illegal gain is union pension and welfare funds. Court records and investigative reports by law-enforcement agencies reveal systematic looting of union funds, which by 1990 will have an estimated worth of approximately $3 trillion. The plundering of union pension and welfare funds is undoubtedly one of the most sordid chapters in the history of American labor unions. Many unions that represent seasonal or transitory workers accumulate vast sums in a variety of welfare funds which will never be collected. In other industries, thousands of union members will never receive their pensions because of complex technical rules and regulations that are not explained to the members. Labor union welfare and pension funds have become the underworld's bank, and the failure of government agencies to enforce the law has resulted in the widespread corruption of major sections of organized labor.

Because of repeated scandals and criminal convictions involving the leadership of the Teamsters' Union, especially the looting of the multibillion-dollar pension funds by the underworld, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations began oversight hearings last August on the Department of Labor's investigation of the Teamsters' Central States Pension Fund. The Secretary of Labor has the statutory obligation to enforce the reporting, financial disclosure and fiduciary responsibility provisions of the Landrum-Griffin Act which protect unions from corrupt elements, as well as those that require internal union democracy. How well the department has lived up to this obligation was revealed most recently in a report made last year by the General Accounting Office and the Senate Investigations Subcommittee on Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall's performance in office under the Carter Administration.

Comptroller General Elmer Staats testified before the subcommittee that although the Department of Labor had spent $5.4 million over a five-year period to investigate the Central States Pension Fund, its work was characterized by "significant shortcomings and left numerous problems unresolved." The Attorney General informed the subcommittee that he first learned of the Labor Department's civil lawsuit against the trustees of the fund only hours before it was filed. The Justice Department was "concerned that the Labor Department had not vigorously pursued critical avenues of potential responsibilities over the Fund's management." A Department of Justice memo notes that the Secretary of Labor failed "to refer information to us which indicates potential civil as well as criminal misconduct. . . ."

Ma[illegible] Wo[illegible]ha[illegible]n extraordinarily close personal

Herbert Hill is professor of industrial relations and Afro-American studies at the University of Wisconsin. He is the former National Labor Director of the N.A.A.C.P. and author of Black Labor and the American Legal System *(The Bureau of National Affairs Inc.).*

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and professional relationship with the leaders of organized labor, chose to ignore certain criminal statutes which could have been used against the predators who had been raiding the Teamster pension funds over a period of many years. He could have initiated proceedings under the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970, for example, asking the courts to protect the pension funds through injunctions and criminal forfeiture, which could also have resulted in triple damages and other deterrent penalties. He could have sought criminal convictions and sent the guilty parties to Federal prison.

Instead, Marshall negotiated a dubious settlement which ignored criminal intent. The Department of Labor did not issue the subpoenas necessary for an adequate investigation, kept the entire matter away from its own skilled criminal investigators and terminated the investigation before it was completed. In sum, Marshall failed to protect the interests of rank-and-file union members, as he pledged he would during his confirmation hearings. Organized crime remains in control of the Teamsters' Central States Pension Fund.

While Marshall's record was dismal, in all fairness to him it should be noted that every Secretary of Labor since 1959—both Republican and Democrat—has acted on the assumption that the department functions on behalf of its primary constituency, the various union bureaucracies, and not in the interest of rank-and-file workers—even though the Secretary of Labor is the public officer charged by law with enforcing the Labor-Management Reporting and Disclosure Act of 1959.

The experience of Michael Moroney and Stephen Smith is illustrative of the way that labor union officials are able to prevent the D.O.L. from rooting out corrupt practices. Moroney and Smith were both highly skilled investigators on the staff of the Labor Department. In 1976 they were assigned to the Organized Crime Strike Force in New York City, consisting of Federal and local agencies under the coordination of the Department of Justice. They had an extraordinarily successful record; seventeen convictions of corrupt union officials—one of the best records in the department.

Early in 1979, Moroney and Smith became increasingly alarmed about the course of events within the Labor Department. Marshall had appointed Francis X. Burkhardt, a former research director for the Painters Union, an organization with a long history of corruption, as Assistant Secretary of Labor with responsibility for eliminating racketeering in organized labor. (Burkhardt and his four immediate predecessors as Assistant Secretary were all taken from the ranks of labor union bureaucrats.) But instead of conducting a vigorous investigation, Burkhardt blunted the department's effectiveness by frequently transferring investigators, reassigning them to routine procedures and failing to fill vacant positions on the investigative staff. Burkhardt also informed the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee that the Labor Department intended to limit its future participation in the Organized Crime Strike Force program.

After filing several protests with his superiors, Moroney wrote to President Carter explaining the rapidly deteriorating situation. Moroney's letter was turned over to Marshall's office for investigation and soon thereafter Moroney was removed from the Organized Crime Strike Force and reassigned to routine duties. Stephen Smith met the same fate. Thomas Puccio, the Justice Department Attorney in charge of the strike force, protested their removal and argued that he needed their expertise and dedication. Moroney and Smith, however, were forbidden to work with any strike force. Both resigned from the Department of Labor not long after the incident.

Moroney and Smith's experience was not unique. In 1975 Joseph Kissane, an accountant in the New York Regional Office of the Labor-Management Services Administration, was suspended because he conducted "unauthorized investigations" into suspected violations of the law by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Over a period of years, Kissane had become interested in this union because he had found irregularities in the reporting and disclosure statements made by the I.L.G.W.U. These included the granting of illegal loans to union officers, failure to report a corporate subsidiary and repeated errors and omissions in the financial reports filed by the union as required by law.

Kissane submitted several communications to his superiors suggesting audit reviews of the union's financial records and finally recommended prosecution because the I.L.G.W.U. had abrogated an agreement it had entered into with the Solicitor of Labor to comply with the law. On several occasions Kissane received direct orders to stop probing the I.L.G.W.U., but persisted. Eventually, Kissane was suspended, and after several appeals, resigned. He is now employed by the Suffolk County, New York, District Attorney's Office, investigating sewage construction contracts.

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The inglorious career of Kissane's superior, Benjamin Naumoff, New York Regional Administrator of the Labor-Management Services Administration, deserves mention. In 1976, the Organized Crime Strike Force was conducting an investigation into the activities of Local 805 of the Teamsters' Union in New York City, headed by Abe Gordon. An audit revealed that Gordon, well known to law-enforcement agencies because of his longtime involvement with the underworld, was "buying good will from government officials."

Through an investigation of Abraham Weiss Associates, a public relations company that represented many corrupt unions with close Mafia ties, the trail led to Ben Naumoff. Investigators found that Naumoff had accepted gifts from several labor unions and expense-paid trips to union conventions in California and other distant places. After his vouchers were subpoenaed, the government found that Naumoff had engaged in "substantial" double billing—charging the Department of Labor for travel and other expenses that had already been paid for by labor unions through Weiss.

On at least two occasions, grand juries considered indicting Naumoff. The first time was after an investigation revealed the close connection between him and labor leaders suspected of corrupt practices. The second rose out of his fraudulent expense accounts. But the U.S. Attorney dropped the case and, after suffering a heart attack in the office of Teamster official Gordon, Naumoff was permitted to retire.

The domination of the department by the labor bureaucracy is the prime cause of its poor record in fighting corruption. In an appearance before the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee, Peter Vaira, formerly U.S. Attorney in charge of the Organized Crime Strike Force in Chicago and now U.S. Attorney in Philadelphia, testified:

> There are some investigators who have attempted to do a good job, but they have been severely restricted and unrewarded by their agency. . . . The D.O.L. has no method of keeping track of the current corruption in the labor unions of Chicago. . . . Moreover, the compliance officers have been given such restrictive operating instructions that it is impossible for them to conduct a thorough investigation.

Vaira concluded his remarks with a story that put the Labor Department's enforcement operations in a more sinister light:

> In a recent investigation, an employer complained to the D.O.L. that he was being forced to employ extra, unneeded manpower under threat of violence. The D.O.L. closed the investigation by informing the union in writing about the employer's allegation. The letter to the union named the particular employer. Several weeks later, the employer's place of business was bombed.

With Marshall's departure in 1980, his subordinates quickly flew off to various nesting places within the labor establishment. Francis Burkhardt returned to the Painters Union; another Assistant Secretary, Donald Elisburg, joined the law firm of Connerton and Bernstein, which represents the Laborers' International and other unions; Frank Greer, Marshall's executive assistant, is working for the Kamber Group, a Washington public relations firm serving labor leaders (Victor Kamber was formerly assistant to the director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Building Trades Department), and Ray Marshall, through both the Kamber Group and the Labor Policy Institute, which was created by the federation's Industrial Union Department, is a paid consultant to several groups of A.F.L.-C.I.O. affiliates.

There is no reason to anticipate that the Department of Labor will perform any differently under the Reagan Administration. The notorious Jackie Presser of the Teamsters' Union, which endorsed Reagan, was prominent on the Administration's labor transition team, and the new Secretary of Labor is Raymond Donovan, a construction industry executive. According to A.H. Raskin, the former *New York Times* labor correspondent, "Donovan comes out of that whole swamp of the New Jersey construction industry. It has been an absolute morass of collusion, payoffs and under-the-table deals. So to think that Donovan is going to come in and say, 'Let's get real enforcement of the Landrum-Griffin Act.' . . . Well, I don't think so." [See Samuel Dillon, "Something Rotten in New Jersey," *The Nation*, February 28.]

Enforcement is crucial, however, for labor has shown little inclination to put its own house in order. After the merger between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. in 1955, the united labor organization adopted an Ethical Practices Code and established an Ethical Practices Committee. It was not, however, until the McClellan Committee's dramatic and highly publicized revelations of union corruption in 1957 that the federation was forced to move beyond pious declarations.

With the expulsion of the Teamsters from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. at the latter's convention in December 1957, and the expulsion of the International Longshoremen's Association and the Bakery and Confectionary Workers' Union, the federation proclaimed that it would not tolerate dishonest unions, and its president, George Meany, thundered away against those who were debasing "the House of Labor." But this commitment had a very short life. After a single burst of energy, the Ethical Practices Committee fell into a comatose state and quickly expired. Its last meeting of record was in December 1959.

As for the Teamsters, their redemption was eventually arranged. Soon after Lane Kirkland succeeded Meany as president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in 1980, he invited the Teamsters' Union to rejoin the federation. There was no demand that it purge itself of underworld control, nor was the question of whether the Teamsters were in technical compliance with the federation's code ever raised. For more than twenty years, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. had taken no action, even of a symbolic nature, against the racketeering elements in its own ranks; now it was inviting into affiliation the union that had been repeatedly exposed as the most corrupt labor organization in the country and had previously been expelled from the federation because it was gangster-ridden. So much for the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s anticorruption policy.

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Corruption within labor unions is not limited to the depredations of organized-crime syndicates. In 1975, not long after Sol (Chick) Chaikin succeeded David Dubinsky as president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, garment manufacturers, many of whom had contracts with the I.L.G.W.U., found that it would be good business to purchase their dress linings from Robert Evan Inc. and its subsidiary, D.C. Linings, which, it happened, were owned by two sons of president Chaikin. I.L.G.W.U. locals found it desirable to use the legal services of president Chaikin's other son and his wife, both lawyers, and employers and affiliated local unions found it convenient to buy their greeting cards in bulk quantities from Mrs. Chaikin, wife of the president, who was in that business.

Labor leaders' predilection for treating "their" unions like a family business extends to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. itself. Documents from the Securities and Exchange Commission and the U.S. District Court in Rochester reveal that Lane Kirkland was not averse to using his high position in organized labor to make a quick and easy buck when he was secretary-treasurer of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. during the 1970s. In October 1974, a Federal grand jury in Rochester began an investigation into the Stirling Homex Corporation scandal which involved seven officials of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters (A.F.L.-C.I.O.) and Lane Kirkland.

The Stirling Homex Corporation planned to manufacture and install modular housing units across the nation. The main obstacle to the large profits the proprietors of this enterprise were anticipating was the Carpenters Union, the union with primary jurisdiction, which had a longstanding and firm policy, as did other A.F.L.-C.I.O. construction unions, of refusing to install prefabricated units. With almost miraculous suddenness, the Carpenters Union reversed its well-known and well-enforced position—not long after seven officials of the union received company stock with a total value of $200,000.

An investigative memorandum of the Securities and Exchange Commission describes the transaction in fuller detail:

> In early March 1970, at about the time of the initial Stirling Homex public offering, David Stirling, Jr. and Yanowitch arranged for certain officials of the Carpenters Union and a senior officer of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. who had introduced Stirling Homex and [Theodore] Kheel to the Carpenters Union, to purchase 6,500 shares of the securities of Stirling Homex. . . . In order to pay for these purchases *in March 1970, David Stirling Jr. requested that Charles* Marshall, then Senior Vice President of Central Trust Bank ("Central Trust") in Rochester, New York, lend over $200,000 to these seven Carpenters Union officials and Kirkland in order to help them purchase the stock. Even though these individuals were strangers to Central Bank the loans were made based on the credit worthiness of David Stirling. The loans to these individuals varied in amounts from $13,000 to $60,000. . . . It appears likely that several indictments will be forthcoming as a result of this investigation.

Federal law prohibits employers from making payments or giving loans to union officials and also forbids acceptance of such payments or loans by union officials. In his sworn testimony before a Federal grand jury and the S.E.C. staff, Kirkland acknowledged that he gave advice and introduced Theodore Kheel, a director and special counsel on labor relations of the Stirling Homex Corporation, to officials of the Carpenters Union. Kirkland also admitted before a Federal judge and jury that he signed a promissory note in Kheel's office in the amount of $58,000, arranged for and secured by the corporation.

According to the S.E.C., the leaders of the Carpenters Union used the company loans to buy Homex stock at below market price. After the Carpenters Union signed the collective bargaining agreement with the company, it used its influence in persuading the other A.F.L.-C.I.O. building trades unions to install Homex units and to perform other necessary work on construction sites. Eventually, William and David Stirling went to jail for stock fraud and the company went bankrupt. The Carpenters Union officials invoked the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination, and the government never prosecuted Kirkland.

The huge upsurge in labor corruption since the merger of the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. may well have had its origins in the purge of assorted radicals from unions that began in the late 1940s. These purges left a vacuum that was filled by conservative leaders who regarded themselves as being in the "union business." These careerists, many with underworld connections, were more interested in expanding their influence and bank accounts than in leading mass movements for social change. Furthermore, employers preferred such "responsible" labor leaders who had no hesitation in disciplining rank-and-file workers and knew how to enforce labor peace.

And so a labor union attitude developed that was suspicious of dissent, that identified all criticism of American society and all deviation from conventional values as "Communist inspired." The labor bureaucracy, with the assistance of the government, crushed all expressions of dissatisfaction and reform within organized labor.

Since the end of World War II, the U.S. government has assisted and protected union leadership groups that either acquiesced or engaged in corrupt activities, because of the services of such groups at home and abroad in the areas of foreign policy and national security. The government repeatedly gave vital support to the union leaders who endorsed and actively helped implement U.S. foreign policy.

In this atmosphere, many officials of labor unions advanced their personal and organizational interests with the help of the government and the underworld. And within this context, the underworld was able to advance its own power and influence so that the spread of labor corruption now extends to the highest levels of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., as well as to independent unions like the Teamsters.

Labor reform movements well up sporadically but fail to break the alliance of the union bureaucracy with the underworld and the government. As a consequence, the house of labor continues to stagnate while it is rifled by thieves. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Bemused Tour Guide

MARK SHECHNER

THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH. *By Philippe Ariès. Translated from the French by Helen Weaver. Alfred A. Knopf. 651 pp. $20.*

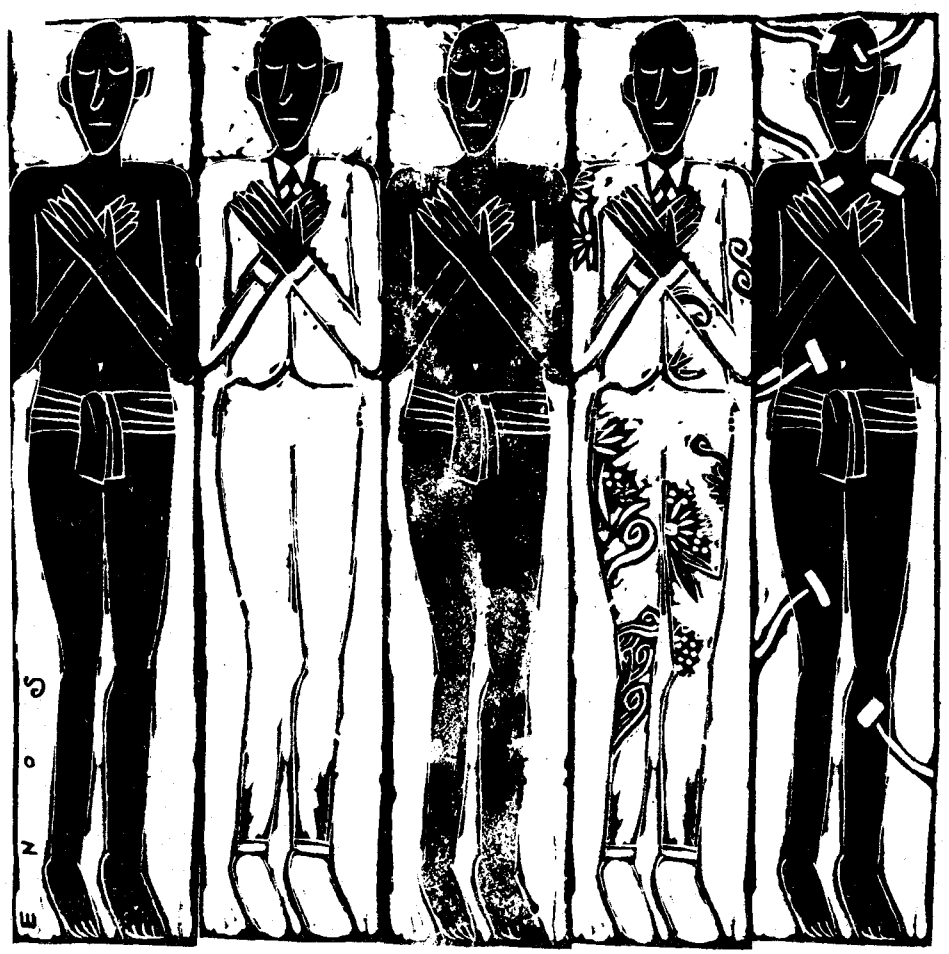
As if parts of the body were free to go their separate ways after the Resurrection, European Romanticism was inclined to rescue the heart from the death of the body and treat it to everlasting life in alcohol or cloth wrappings. The story of Edward Trelawny's reaching into Shelley's ashes to pluck forth his heart and present it to Byron (who gave it immediately to Leigh Hunt, undoubtedly in horror) is well known. Less familiar is a ceremony in honor of Jean Paul Marat in 1793, during which, we learn from Philippe Ariès's *The Hour of Our Death*, Marat's heart was presented to the crowd on a *reposoir* in "a precious pyx," as though it were the Eucharist itself. Charles Maurras, on the other hand, wanted his heart presented only to his mother and to be preserved in her sewing basket. More commonly, however, the entire body was preserved intact, either for the Resurrection or for eternity. The parents of Mme. de Stäel had theirs pickled in alcohol and stored away in a family mausoleum on the shores of Lake Geneva. The Marquis d'Urre bequeathed his fortune to the French government under the condition that he be "seated in an armchair under a glass dome."

In a book liberally spiced with such anecdotes of the naïve and sentimental death, Ariès tells us that life since the Romantic era has been marked by foolish efforts to gain immortality by will and imagination alone. Since death no longer has any ritual meaning or common significance, every man has been thrown back upon his imagination and his private terror in confronting his end.

The grand design of *The Hour of Our Death* is to trace—through art, funerary sculpture, popular mythology, wills, church and municipal records, fiction and folklore—the degradation of death, its loss of spiritual and social dignity, from the eleventh century to the present. This degradation is anything but uniform or easy to follow; it took place in cycles and epicycles, by dovetail and overlap. Scarcely a progression, the history of death, as Ariès treats it, is something of a fugue. Still, Ariès manages to parse the culture of death into five distinct historical phases, which he calls, in order of their emergence, the tame death, the death of the self, the remote and imminent death (in Helen Weaver's translation, which may be mistaken, as I'll explain shortly), the death of the other and the invisible death.

The tame death, postulates Ariès, is the oldest death there is, and it persisted in the West as late as the thirteenth century. It was public, communal, familiar and nothing to be feared. Its prevailing icon was the *beatus*, a recumbent figure neither alive nor dead but composed and transcendent. He lay in a state of beatific calm; his features were placid or rapt; he awaited "in repose and peace the transfiguration of the Last Day, the Resurrection." Such serenity, however, was interrupted by the emergence of "the self" on the stage of Western consciousness. With the rise of individual self-consciousness, an invention of the aristocracy of the early Middle Ages, came the personal death, the individualized funeral and the will.

In the fourteenth century, the personal death began to take on a frightful dimension, ushering in the era that Ariès calls "*la mort longue et proche.*" Helen Weaver translates this oddly as "the remote and imminent death," which neither makes sense nor, as I read it, is true to the French. Closer to Ariès's meaning, it seems to me, would be "long and approaching" or "long and imminent" death, with its suggestion of death as a menacing fact of daily life. Ariès characterizes this phase of death as an eruption in consciousness of long-suppressed fears that collective



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repression and the institutionalized consolations of the Roman Catholic Church could no longer hold at bay. He never does explain why these repressions suddenly fail, though he tends elsewhere to blame both the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation for much that has degraded the culture of death.

From the highly psychologized and readily titillated viewpoint of the modern imagination, death first became modern—that is, lurid, sexual, terrifying—in the fourteenth century, when its prevailing iconography took on a morbid cast and was openly eroticized for the first time. What the placid figure of the *beatus* had been to the tame death, the half-decomposed corpse (or *transi*) became to the long and imminent death of the fourteenth through sixteenth centuries. Like the *beatus*, the *transi* was ambiguous, both alive and dead. But where the *beatus* advertised the splendor of life in death, the *transi* stood for the horrible presence of death in life.

As Ariès moves into the heart of the eighteenth century, the dialectics of his historicism grow dense and difficult to follow. It is enough to say that by a series of maneuvers within the collective unconscious (a concept dear to Ariès), the death of the self gave way to the death of the loved one as a locus of popular imagining, and the death that was formerly eroticized became, by the eighteenth century, largely sentimentalized. As Enlightenment rationalism took hold, sin, guilt, penance and atonement lost their imaginative power; hell was debunked and heaven converted into "the scene of the reunion of those whom death has separated but who have never accepted this separation: a re-creation of the affections of earth, purged of their dross, assured of eternity." Two other developments that Ariès subsumes under this death of the other are the beautiful death, of which the spiritual tubercular death favored by Romanticism was a special version, and spiritualism, an American specialty, which allowed the departed to send and receive messages through a medium, who acted as a kind of telephone operator in the Bell System of the beyond.

The long saga of the undoing of death comes to an end with the invisible death of the twentieth century, a death that has been so completely drawn behind a veil of privacy that even the dying may be prevented from experiencing it. The modern, invisible death is largely a managed death: the dying individual is now a "patient" and his dying a "treatment," or something integrated into his "care." It is administered by licensed professionals and their trainees: doctors, nurses and professors of consolation while he clings to life, elegant funeral directors with their double-knit suits and French cuffs after he is dead. Death is now more tasteful than ever, and grief, now that it has been charted and explained, more orderly.

The Hour of Our Death comes billed by the Knopf publicity office as a "meditation on Western man's changing attitudes toward death." That claim is not entirely idle but neither is it entirely accurate. Western man, as Ariès treats him, is almost invariably French and usually Parisian, and while there are good reasons to let Paris stand for the entire West now and then, there are also good reasons to presume that between the eleventh and the twentieth centuries the rites of death and mourning, their iconography and their collective unconscious meaning were a good deal different elsewhere. Even before the Reformation, the unity of Christendom was liberally subdivided on points of both ritual and dogma. As for the book's being a meditation, I'm sure I don't know what that is. Its principles of accumulation and arrangement more nearly resemble those of a catalogue or exhibition. *The Hour of Our Death* is history by vivid example, a kind of anthropology museum in prose through which Ariès conducts us like a bemused tour guide in charge of wide-eyed Americans at a *son et lumière*.

Ariès is not a professional historian. He earns his living as director of an information center of the Institute of Applied Research for Tropical and Subtropical Fruits, a position that apparently affords him plenty of time to do his own research and to write monumental books: *Centuries of Childhood*, published in English in 1962, and now *The Hour of Our Death*. Ariès is the Nabokov of historians, combining a novelist's eye for the exotic and the precious with a scientist's dedication to order and arrangement.

But these elements are, I believe, imperfectly harmonized. Ariès's intentions as a historian seem divided, and some of the exasperation one experiences in reading so exhaustive and exhausting a book stems from a certain irresolution in its design. Ariès has set out to be both the great connoisseur of his subject and its scientist, and the strain of not knowing quite how to blend the two roles is telling. Altogether too much of the book exists solely to display Ariès's splendid, eclectic knowledge; the demonstration so overwhelms us at times that it simply muscles the book's larger theses out of the way. The connoisseur in Ariès is a voluptuary, who is drawn to the fifteenth century, of all eras, for its appetite and vitality, which quite rival his own.

For Ariès, collecting is an activity that unites him with the spirit of the high Middle Ages, which he finds to have been not piety but *avaritia*, avarice, the excessive love of the things of this world. It was *avaritia* that gave us the first examples of still life in painting, in which Western man's hunger for the solid and tangible found an idiom of expression before the Renaissance. It also gave us the opulent death, the coffin choked with treasures, as though the dead were determined to enjoy their booty in the hereafter or, if need be, buy their way into paradise. In the fifteenth century, "The dying man rests his eyes on his large and beautiful house, his cellar full of wine, his stable of horses, which the devil's magic has caused to

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appear at the foot of his bed."

If the connoisseur in Ariès casts his eye upon the color and form of the imagery of death, the scientist in him is on the lookout for the collective sentiments that arise out of the popular imagination. Ariès is a Jungian who trades in archetypes, collective forms of the unconscious life that must be sought beyond or below or, at any rate, at some remove from the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church. Thus he busies himself with studying tombstones, graves and wills, productions of the popular mind, rather than the teachings of the Church fathers or the pronouncements of Papal Curia. The forces that actually shaped the Western way of death surged up from below, like chthonian demiurges, and the Church, even though it administered the rites of death and made them lawful, was often unaware of their mythic meanings. That is why, though he dates the decline of death from around the time of the Reformation, Ariès can freely ignore the bitter doctrinal disputes between Catholicism and Protestantism that sparked the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, since "their differences, when they exist, are not on the level of collective psychology, which was almost the same on both sides."

The theologians will have their say on that point, for there is more than just a touch of racial mysticism to such assumptions. What keeps Ariès from toppling into the steamy, Wagnerian waters of racial mythology is that his brand of *Volksgeist* (is there a word for this in French?) is pan-Christian and therefore pan-European, rather than specifically French, and it is subject to fairly ordinary processes of historical mutation, unlike Jungian racial archetypes, which possess an almost genetic immutability. Still, these unconscious mutations within the popular mind are, for Ariès, the great dynamos of cultural change and, having latched onto the idea that culture is something that rises like smoke from the hidden fires of the collective unconscious, he feels no need to puzzle over the social determinants of these great imaginative transformations in the culture of death.

Maybe that is all to the good. I scarcely think that anyone who enters into the spirit of this book is going to want to hear much about the old, boring categories of social history: The Renaissance, The Reformation, The Industrial Revolution, The Rise of the Bourgeoisie, The Revolt of the Masses. . . . Philippe Ariès's own classifications are, by contrast, fresh and vivid: they pose a challenge to social history by not being mere effects of something else. While historical Jungianism may not prove to be much of an advance over social determinism, it does at least confer upon the human imagination an autonomy, free of the history of production or class relations as it is of sectarian dogma. We still know too little about how the imagination works to say for certain that this can't be so. □

'The Four' From the Fifth

MICHAEL MELTSNER

UNLIKELY HEROES: The Southern Judges Who Made the Civil Rights Revolution. *By Jack Bass. Simon & Schuster. 320 pp. $14.95.*

With urban public education in a nearly terminal state and a soak-the-poor budget moving through Congress, it may seem self-indulgent to re-enter the civil rights legal world of the 1960s. And it would be a serious mistake to assume that Federal judges will again rescue the nation from its own worst instincts. Still, we can hope: a generous interpretation of what is meant by equal protection of the law may yet thwart many a fabulous Reagan distinction between "needy" and "truly needy"—if only the courts have the courage and creativity to apply it. There is little new in Jack Bass's story of the judges of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit who were responsible for forcing the Federal government to translate the promise of *Brown* v. *Board of Education* into an end to the Southern caste system. But *Unlikely Heroes* is an apt reminder that while our judges are usually political, they don't always behave like politicians.

From the perspective of Northern liberals, Bass's Fifth Circuit heroes were an odd lot. Before his elevation to the bench, John R. Brown was a Texas admiralty lawyer. Along with Elbert P. Tuttle and John Minor Wisdom, Brown had been a high-ranking military officer. The family of Richard Rives lost its plantation in the Civil War. A former president of the Alabama Bar Association, Rives had represented a Southern voting registrar against charges of racial discrimination at a time when keeping blacks from the ballot box was the only qualification for the job. Wisdom was on the board of the New Orleans Urban League but also a member of all-white, all-gentile private clubs. Tuttle belonged to a fundamentalist denomination; Brown had a penchant for racy stories. All four knew what it was like to represent corporations; they were also steeped in party politics—Brown, Tuttle and Wisdom as Eisenhower Republicans who helped to bring a two-party system to the South; Rives as Hugo Black's campaign manager.

Whatever went through Herbert Brownell's mind when he persuaded Dwight Eisenhower to nominate Brown, Wisdom and Tuttle to the Fifth Circuit (Rives was a Truman appointee), it is a good bet that party loyalty and professional credentials were more important than views on race. (Use of the same criteria by the Kennedy Justice Department produced disastrous results until 1962, when Robert Kennedy learned that the price of placating James Eastland was too high.) When sit-ins, freedom rides, James Meredith's application to Ole Miss and the first entry of black children into Deep South schools tested Kennedy's resolve, it was "The Four" who insured that Federal law prevailed.

That epithet was coined by an adversary, segregationist Fifth Circuit Judge Ben Cameron, another Eisenhower choice; he accused Tuttle—then chief judge—of rigging assignments so that two of The Four would constitute a majority on panels hearing civil rights cases. This charge, which created a furor at the time and ultimately resulted in adoption of a random panel selection process, is not quite blunted by Bass's research. Cameron, a Mississippian, presented Tuttle with a dilemma. He had gone as far as a judge can go short of an impeachable offense in making

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clear that he regarded *Brown* v. *Board of Education* as a usurpation of power by the Supreme Court. Permitting Cameron to sit on civil rights cases might have been considered an introduction of bias into the judicial process. But other Fifth Circuit judges—Griffin Bell, Walter Gewin and Warren Jones—also sat on disproportionately fewer civil rights case panels. Their views were not nearly so extreme as Cameron's; their notion of the way to end legal segregation was simply less progressive than the position of The Four, and of district judges like Frank Johnson and J. Skelly Wright.

Tuttle is a towering figure in American law, and deservedly so. If his panel assignments maximized the chances of results favorable to black litigants, they also kept alive Supreme Court decisions in a region where they were intensely and illegally resisted by virtually every public official. Even if rigged, the assignment process did not produce foreordained results—the NAACP Legal Defense Fund did not win all its cases and The Four often differed among themselves. But buried here is a classic conflict between different conceptions of justice: Tuttle's notion that the Constitution could not tolerate the delaying tactics and recalcitrance of certain Federal District Court judges and an intransigent segregationist's demand for a regular assignment process that took no account of the litigants who would appear before a panel—essentially a claim that the result in particular cases was less important than following a blind assignment procedure.

Cameron's accusation is mainly of interest to veteran civil rights lawyers trading war stories, but the neutrality issue couldn't be more timely. The shoe is now on the other foot. Congress confronts a series of legislative proposals, the Helms-Hyde bill being the most prominent, that seek to fiddle with the general jurisdiction of the Federal courts in order to decide particular issues—such as abortion. Efforts to tamper with regular procedures to achieve a political result are perilous precisely because judicial virtues arise from the antidemocratic quality of the courts. We set up and maintain the power of the Federal judges despite their counter-majoritarian capacities because almost alone in our public life they systematically make decisions that contain a healthy component of principle.

The Four were not political innocents, and decided their share of cases in ways that disappointed civil rights lawyers. When the Justice Department temporized, The Four often went along. But again and again they used their independence—Tuttle and Wisdom in truly extraordinary fashion—to increase the scope of equality. Yet they always operated within the bounds of traditional legal concepts. Their work was not just craftsmanlike; it was intellectually brilliant. The Four and their allies are best remembered not for their ringing rhetoric or for a willingness to buck the crowd—that's what lifetime tenure is supposed to confer on a Federal judge—but for the quality of their ideas. They put flesh on constitutional exhortations by developing rules and policies that destroyed the caste system. As Jack Bass neatly describes it, their task was difficult enough. But American lawyers will soon face the even more demanding challenge of class-based governmental discrimination. These Federal judges rose to the occasion; we will need others to follow their example. Soon. □

Journey Into a Vast Landscape

JAMES L. KUGEL

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF HEBREW VERSE. *Edited and translated by T. Carmi. Viking/Penguin. 608 pp. $25. Paper $9.95.*

Hebrew poetry is not often looked at as a whole—in fact, it is only recently that some notion of that whole has been available. Until the last century, scholars were ignorant of even some of the greatest works from the "Golden Age" of Hebrew poetry in medieval Spain, and it has only been in this century that the broad contours of earlier Hebrew poetry have been grasped. Slowly, and not very systematically, manuscripts have been gathered from the libraries of Europe and from private collections, texts compared and collated and tentative editions published: Hebrew's Horace and Virgil have been assembled from scattered fragments.

One great aid in this work of reconstruction was the discovery, at the turn of the century, of a hoard of ancient poetic scraps and snippets in the *geniza* ("book graveyard") of a Cairo synagogue. Over the last eighty years, more and more of these fragments have been put together, and from them have emerged important new figures. The early poet Yannai, known previously from one or two offhand references found in later writers, is now recognized as the great innovator of early Hebrew verse, the first one known to have used rhyme as a regular feature and a pioneer in the development of highly complex poetic forms. Yannai's "collected works" once consisted of a single poem; now they fill a thick volume. The same is true of other poets, from the medieval period and even later. The appearance of T. Carmi's anthology, *The Penguin Book of Hebrew Verse*, is thus an event of sorts. It is a Lewis and Clark expedition that has returned with not only some remarkable artifacts but with a new sense of the vast landscape's variety.

The beginning of that journey is well known: the Bible's songs, prophecies, prayers and psalms have always been available, and they are the proper starting point, not only chronologically but in the sense that everything that came afterward was written in the Bible's shadow. This was the case not only because of the Bible's religious importance but because when Hebrew ceased to be a spoken language the Bible functioned as a kind of storehouse of common vocabulary, and at times as a model of stylistic excellence. In fact, in the heyday of medieval Spain, it was the practice of Hebrew poets to cut and paste their poems out of the Bible, borrowing not only themes but phrases or whole lines from well-known texts, rearranging or rewriting to suit the demands of their new creations. As one medieval writer noted, the Bible was the "unique advantage" enjoyed by Hebrew poets—but it is one that makes translating their works almost impossible, since no rendering can capture the subtle, sometimes moving, sometimes comical effects achieved by this patchwork style. (Carmi's anthology, wisely, does not even try, limiting itself to identifying only the most obvious and/

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or thematically central allusions.)

After the Bible, but before the great works of medieval Spain, stretches a vast *terrain vague* of largely religious (and often cryptic) poems, a corpus usually treated cursorily, if at all, by earlier scholars and critics. Thanks to several recent scholarly works, Carmi has managed to bring back strange new species from this period: some "Palace Hymns" of an early group of Jewish mystics; a stray epigram or brief song spotted amid the recorded musings of the Babylonian Talmud; well-known rabbinic prayers whose poetic structure has, however, eluded generations of readers because they were written out as prose. Surprising as well is the wealth of material from another often poorly covered source, the Hebrew poetry written in Italy just prior to and during the Renaissance. Here one sees Hebrew in full transition, slowly and subtly swapping the heritage of Iberian poetics, with its quantitative meters and stately forms, for the more flexible syllabic rhythms of Italian verse, its intricate stanzaic patterns, sonnets, terza rima and macaronics. In lilting hendecasyllables Italian Jewry forged a body of poetry with its unique stamp: forceful, strikingly beautiful, by turns bawdy and poignant—the appropriate self-expression of a Jewish community once characterized as spending "each evening plunged in dissolute wantonness and every morning in sincere repentance."

From Renaissance Italy the center of gravity shifted briefly to the eastern Mediterranean—and to Palestine itself—but settled eventually in Central and Eastern Europe, the heartland of the Jewish Enlightenment. Hebrew entered a new era, in which a revived, modern and somewhat Germanified language became the idiom for wholly new sorts of compositions—essays, novels, scholarly tracts and Romantic lyrics. In the nineteenth century, Zionism began to animate European Jewry, and its eventual call for a Jewish State of Hebrew expression could not but redouble the zeal of a new generation of Hebrew singers. In Odessa, H.N. Bialik first captured the heart of his generation by pouring his unique blend of Jewish learning and sentimentality into the thumping rhythms of Pushkin/Mickiewicz.

Bialik—and Hebrew poetry—moved to Tel Aviv in the 1920s, and there and in Jerusalem it now thrives. But if each period had its major center, there existed simultaneously various satellite poetries—in medieval Germany, later in Yemen, North Africa, Baghdad—sometimes aware of what was being written elsewhere, usually not. Hebrew poetry has a way of doubling back on itself, picking up in location B a thread long ago abandoned in A, then developing it into something new and sui generis.

As a representative sample, or even a naming-of-parts, Carmi's anthology was bound to be inadequate: any one-volume collection of Hebrew verse cannot but leave some gaping holes. Notably underrepresented here are longer Hebrew poems, especially the great literary and philosophical compendiums of the Middle Ages; didactic works of all periods; early Haskalah poetry ("largely devoid of esthetic interest," Carmi rules); major medieval figures such as Joseph ibn Abitur (one poem), and Shem-Tob b. Joseph Fala-

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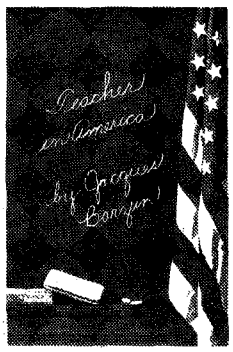

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qera (none). The list could be extended, nor is the anthologizer necessarily to be faulted; there is just too much to choose from.

And this points to one of the most striking differences between Hebrew and other literatures. After all, English poetry (with all due respect to Caedmon and the author of *Beowulf*) is rather paltry before the late Middle Ages; ditto for French; Russian verse did not really get started until 300 years ago. When these literatures were in their infancy, Hebrew poetry was already ancient and, miraculously, it has renewed itself again and again; the People of the Book have written libraries full. A sobering document in this connection is Israel Davidson's *Thesaurus of Medieval Hebrew Poetry*, a work of four hefty volumes which, however, is *not* an anthology; it is simply a bibliography, a catalogue of nearly 36,000 individual works—and one that seeks to cover only a part of the whole literary canon.

With this sort of corpus to choose from, Carmi, himself an important Hebrew poet of the modern period (but self-effacing enough to have excluded his own poems from this volume), has acquitted himself admirably. He has a good sense of the possible and a fine eye for the out-of-the-way gem, the pryable cameo—like these two epigrams from a poetic duel in Al-Harizi's *Tahkemoni*:

> Look: the lute sounds in the girl's arms, delighting the heart with its beautiful voice. Like a baby crying in his mother's arms, while she sings and laughs as he cries.
>
> And the lightning laughs at the clouds, like a warrior who runs without growing weary or faint. Or like a night watchman who dozes off, then opens one eye for an instant, and shuts it.

Carmi's prose translations are always clear, and sometimes even beautiful. Most impressive of all is the apparently casual balance of a poet's good taste and a scholar's desire to be thorough and to teach.

The poems are printed in Hebrew with facing translation, the latter generally unencumbered by footnotes or cross-references. Carmi's scholarship confines itself to brief explanatory paragraphs incorporated into the table of contents, at a safe distance from the poems, and to an excellent introduction which surveys the whole of Hebrew poetry in forty pages. To be sure, there are gaps in this anthology, and a bigger, multi-volume work (closer in size to the Oxford or Norton anthologies of English literature) remains a desideratum. But in this format, Carmi has done handsomely, and has managed to capture the diversity and immensity of his subject. □

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THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Cloud 9
The Fuehrer Bunker

Cloud 9 is the first work of Caryl Churchill I've seen or read. I'm pretty sure it's the first of her plays to be produced here, but that ought to change. She is not quite as accomplished perhaps, or as firmly in control of her material, as some others among the new echelon of British dramatists—Howard Brenton or Stephen Poliakoff, say—but may just turn out to be the most gifted of all. *Cloud 9* has its dull spots and periodic lapses from coherence, but also an admirable wit and energy and a depth of human acceptance that put it very much above any other new drama I've seen in months.

From what I know about her, as well as from some internal evidence in this play, Churchill is a feminist of a rather determined sort. But even though the work is informed by certain feminist attitudes, as well as by a strong sympathy for lesbianism, there is nothing ideological or sexually didactic about it at all. Nor is there anything pugnacious or defensive. If the play makes a plea, it's of the implicit kind that emerges from any work of imagination that perceives human behavior accurately and generously. And it's our sexual turmoil—the history of attitudes toward sex and the changing, beleaguered patterns of our experience of it—that constitutes Churchill's vision.

The play is in two distinct acts, the first set in Africa in 1880, the second in London in 1980, although, as the program says, "for the characters it is only twenty-five years later." The point is that three central characters have leaped over a century of social and moral change while having physically "lived" only a quarter of that time. In the African section, a British colonial family, as pukka as can be—they begin by singing "Then gather round for England, come rally to the flag"—are put through a series of farcical and parodic events, chiefly consisting of various homosexual and heterosexual entanglements and, to coin a necessary word, cross-entanglements. All unfold within clouds of Victorian guilt and hypocrisy, even though, as I said, it's done farcically, and with a rhetoric of hard-breathing Victorian euphemism.

In London, a century later, the characters carried over from the first act, along with some new ones, are in a drastically changed sexual and psychic climate. Couplings are of course far easier to effect, euphemisms are no longer necessary. Homosexuality, both male and, especially, female, is prominent and requires no apology or furtiveness. What has happened is that at the deepest level, roles are no longer so rigidly defined, either socially or in matters of sex. And so the characters circle and clasp one another, exchanging hungers and anxieties, coming to "know" themselves better. Not that they're happier or psychically richer than their predecessors—Churchill is too responsible a thinker for that—but they're less constrained and so, perhaps, less false.

Still, modern sexual fashion has its own kind of falseness, so that if the first act is full of inflated, evasive talk the second has some wonderfully chic chatter. "All I want to do is give you orgasms," a man tells his wife, and another character says to a lover, "you don't seem to realize how insulting it is to me that you can't get yourself together." But the second act moves steadily beyond such parody to culminate in some very moving recognitions of the way desire is besieged by doubt, pleasure by guilt. There's an especially fine monologue in which a woman describes her movement from shame about masturbation to acceptance of its satisfactions and, as in her case, its occasional necessity. At the end the speaker embraces a figure from the

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first act, a representation of her own early repressions. The action is conciliatory, accepting, the culmination of what Churchill's wide, unjudgmental imagination has been arranging all along.

A cast of seven acts this intelligent play with vigor and enthusiasm, playing several roles in most cases and getting past an infrequent obscure or uncertain spot in the text without faltering. I particularly liked E. Katherine Kerr and Veronica Castang, and the only performance I didn't like was that of Don Amendolia as a little girl. But that was really a matter of casting rather than performance. In several other cases men play women's roles and vice versa, which fits in well with the play's ruling notions, but the sight of a large, hairy-legged man in a short skirt and with his thumb in his mouth half the time quickly became irritating and then obnoxious. Apart from that I had nothing but admiration for the way Tommy Tune directed and the way the evening went.

The Fuehrer Bunker is (or was: like many of the works I've been reviewing, it will have disappeared before this issue comes out) one of those worthy, precarious experiments to which the American Place Theater has for so long been given. There was nothing really memorable about it and there were plenty of flaws, but I'm glad it was done. The American Place is one of the only theaters in New York where one can still fail honorably, or rather be given the chance to fail with honor.

The play—or theater piece or dramatic poem, as it more properly should be called—is constructed from *A Cycle of Poems in Progess* by W.D. Snodgrass, a book published in 1977. In his program notes, Snodgrass writes that his purpose isn't to provide a historically accurate dramatic account of what went on in the Berlin bunker during the last days of the Third Reich, although much of what does occur on stage is drawn from documentary sources. (The one historical discrepancy is that neither Himmler nor Goering, both prominent figures in the piece, were in the bunker at all; the "bunker," one assumes, is to be taken as a metaphor or organizing image.) "My aim," Snodgrass writes, "is to investigate the thoughts and feelings behind the public facade" of the Nazi leaders and such consorts as Eva Braun and Magda Goebbels. "My poems, then, must include voices they would hide from others and even themselves."

The thoughts and feelings revealed here aren't quite so surprising as Snodgrass assumes, but they're vivid and disturbing enough. Hitler, for example, is shown in that mode of horrifying resentment at his "betrayal" by the German people with which we became familiar through Albert Speer's memoirs. Himmler defends himself, as we know he did, by a harrowing division of consciousness: "To kill so many and still remain happy, upright and idealistic—that is something." Goebbels, the incarnation of emptiness, is malevolently intelligent and "poetic": "I come back to my first ideal, the vacancy that's always real." Bormann writes maudlin letters to his wife and schemes to take power. And Goering, appearing at one point in an enormous pair of beige silk drawers, speaks of himself as a "slab of blubber," preening and mincing in false, knowing self-abasement.

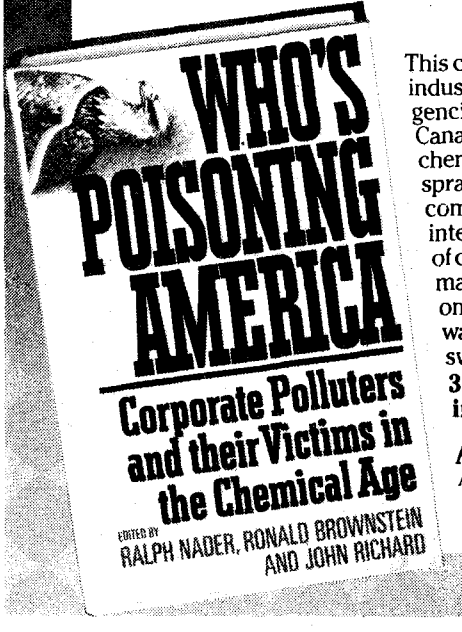
The problem with this interesting material is that since there's almost no dialogue—the characters voicing their "hidden" thoughts at considerable distances from one another in shorter or longer soliloquies—the piece immediately falls under the handicap of all works of this kind: it's intrinsically undramatic. I don't mean it isn't "expressive" or affecting at times but it isn't knit together, doesn't constitute a unified field of action or a process of interaction. Unlike a work such as Grotowski's *Acropolis*, also a play about the Nazi horror, it doesn't offer a coherent new vision so much as fragments of response—sharp and disquieting, but fragments nevertheless.

To make up for this lack of full dramatic substance, the director, Carl Weber, relies heavily on theatrical modes, or *theatricalization*. Weber once worked with Brecht, but here, as in other things of his I've seen, his chief influence seems to be Erwin Piscator. He uses the entire auditorium, having his actors pop up in various places and on different levels, placing members of a "chorus" among the audience, filling the whole space with numerous icons—hanging corpses, a symbolic rabbit in a cage, a dummy of a helmeted German soldier leaning forward on the stage itself, as if into a terrible Russian wind.

But it doesn't come together. And there's an element in the production I found actively unpleasant. Weber's chorus periodically chants, en masse or singly, sloganlike words or phrases of a

"What is needed are reforms that treat the primary cause of environmental degradation, which...is the unaccountable power of large corporations...."

—Ralph Nader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flaccid, sentimental sort: "Our homes ruined, our life's work lost." Actually, it reminded me more of Norman Corwin's "epic" radio dramas of the 1940s than it did of Piscator, from whom Corwin of course drew. Perhaps these things are in Snodgrass's text, in which case I shouldn't be blaming Weber. But in any case I found them hard to take. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Messidor
The Sea Wolves
History of the World, Part I

Though I somehow missed Alain Tanner's *Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000*, I suspect that its plot, like those of his other well-known films (*Charles: Dead or Alive, La Salamandre, Retour d'Afrique* and *The Middle of the World*), is less a story than a trap into which characters run impulsively and from which they escape, if they do, with significant bruises. Tanner is something of a vivisectionist, the area of his study being the unforeseen psychological side effects of liberating gestures.

In *Messidor* his subjects are two teenage girls: Jeanne, a history student from Geneva, and Marie, a shop clerk in the small town of Meudon. They meet while hitchhiking, discover that they are both fed up with what they have lately been doing and decide to wander about together for a bit, letting the destinations of accommodating motorists dictate their itinerary. Since, being without papers, they cannot cross frontiers, and since Switzerland is a small country well-supplied with fast roads, the girls soon find themselves whirling about as in a great bowl, not knowing or much caring where they are, as long as they can find a nest for the night. Towns and cities flash by; sometimes the natives speak French, sometimes German; the Alps fly up and give way to pastoral landscapes as pretty as the cover of a gift box of chocolates. Tanner rather persistently flies the sound of fighter jets above these gentle panoramas, presumably to make sure the viewer remembers that his heroines are not wayfaring in Eden.

In his *Principles of Psychology*, William James devotes some pages to the close association between emotional states and their overt physical expression. Reversing the normal order of cause and effect, he asks the reader to smile or frown, chuckle or sigh lugubriously, and note how readily the appropriate mood suggests itself. Most vividly, he suggests that, walking along a dark street, one take to glancing quickly over the shoulder every fourth or fifth step. The result, as he predicts, is that one's pulse begins to race and one's palms grow clammy. Something very similar befalls Jeanne and Marie. They choose to ignore for a time the responsibilities of society, to move apart from the herd and with little thought for its laws. Before long they begin to feel and, what is more serious, to act as outlaws.

Events somewhat abet them. They are threatened with rape by a pair of hoodlums, and Marie, seizing a rock, bashes in the head of one of them. Soon thereafter they happen on a pistol; after some hesitation, they steal it for protection against similar assaults. They run out of money, but Jeanne, whose imagination is more imperious and by then considerably more hallucinated than her partner's, urges that they go on, turning their vagrancy into a game of endurance.

It is hardly a happy game. Lacking money, they want for food and before long are getting it at gunpoint. Their faces and the statements of people who have encountered them appear on a popular TV "hunt the criminal" program. They take to jabbing the gun into the ribs of unwary motorists. They are running in circles. Of course, at any given moment the danger of continuing the game is greater than the cost of giving it up, but the more often they look over their shoulders, the less rationally can they weigh their situation. No longer mere companions, they are fellow warriors—two against society. It is suggested that they have become lovers. Finally, the gun is fired.

Compressed that tightly, the film may seem mechanical, arbitrary—but in fact it moves quite naturally, seemingly almost by accident, down its ever steeper path. The young women who play Jeanne and Marie (Clémentine Amouroux and Catherine Rétoré) are making their screen debuts. They have none of the polish of Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin in *Voyage en Douce*, another current film that records a brief holiday from reality undertaken by two discontented women. On the other hand, they seem more deeply committed to their project than did Sanda and Chaplin to Deville's modish comedy. Tanner encourages his young actresses to be themselves, even to the point of casting about and not infrequently being boring. At the start, Jeanne and Marie appear better organized than the run of late teen-agers; their weakness, perhaps, is that, within their limits, they are too competent. At any rate, they serve exceedingly well the director's purpose, which is to suggest that anyone who undertakes to turn life into a game is betting his or her sense of balance against rather long odds.

The Sea Wolves is a film made some forty years after its time. It belongs with those now legendary documentaries and quasi documentaries (among others, *Desert Victory, Western Approaches, Millions Like Us, The Way Ahead* and *One of Our Aircraft Is Missing*) wherein, during World War II, the British public found confirmation of its faith in the dash and daring of its young warriors. It is this long delayed, we are told, because James Leasor, on whose book it is based, only recently gained access to classified information he needed for an account of one of the war's most unlikely adventures.

The warriors of *The Sea Wolves* are hardly young—one of the most intrepid of them, David Niven, saw similar duty in Carol Reed's *The Way Ahead*. The present film is set in Calcutta and Goa. It concerns the disastrous ease with which for a time German U-boats were sinking Allied ships in the Indian Ocean. It involves certain members of the Calcutta Light Horse—a company of fire-eaters who have not seen active duty since the closing days of the Boer War—in an exploit that is certain to be dangerous, unlikely to succeed and strictly forbidden by the international rules of war.

These patriotic fossils, conforming themselves to the heart-lifting examples set by Trevor Howard and Niven, and under the direction of somewhat younger Intelligence (i.e., Dirty Tricks) officers, played with lethal high spirits by Gregory Peck and Roger Moore, trounce the German Navy in a game of wits, whisky and high explosives. A beautiful woman of dubious credentials (Barbara Kellerman) provides some tender interludes in the larger romance of war. The film's suspense is wonderfully sustained and its conclusion as

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boisterously successful as a Mardi Gras (which it much resembles), though not all of the splendid chaps are on hand to share the champagne of victory.

Even into World War II, England, the nation of sportsmen, clung to its belief that war was the greatest sport of all. *The Sea Wolves*, directed by Andrew McLaglen from a script by Reginald Rose, recaptures exactly the spirit in which it was alleged that game was played. Nostalgia for death and glory has never been more gallantly served.

The artistic stature of Mel Brooks can be gauged by saying that he thinks pissing to be comical and pissing on someone to be witty. He is further persuaded that scatology is funny, genital excitation is droll, homosexuals are flouncing absurdities, the Last Supper is an appropriate subject for buffoonery and, in general, that a vulgarly anachronistic treatment of celebrated moments in history will induce laughter. Acting, if one may judge from his performances in the scripts he invents, he finds best accomplished by a loud and dogged display of insensitivity.

In short, Brooks's instinct for comedy is not elevated but it has won him fame and fortune, and understandably he cleaves to it. His crowning achievement to date is *History of the World, Part I*, an extravaganza in five parts that begins with The Dawn of Man and proceeds through The Stone Age, The Roman Empire and The Spanish Inquisition to The French Revolution. The episodes are uniformly obvious and snickeringly obscene; frequently their sallies are only too familiar. At the end, we are promised a sequel in which, among other diversions, Adolf Hitler will dance on skates—a jest suggested, presumably, by Charlie Chaplin's Hitlerian dance with a balloon.

Mel Brooks, it must be evident, bores and depresses me; worse, his success frightens me. I cannot avoid bracketing it with the success of Ronald Reagan as evidence that Americans can now be counted on to rally behind anyone who offers them a debased performance expensively staged and aggressively promoted. I am not ready yet to run about the yard proclaiming that the sky is falling but it is a little hard to rejoice in the morale of a country which, having been shown excellence by Jefferson and Buster Keaton, is now dancing attendance on the likes of Reagan and Brooks. □

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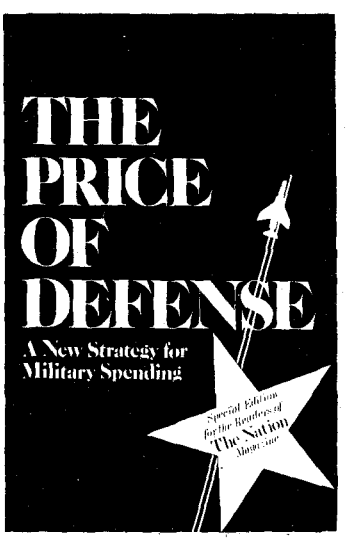

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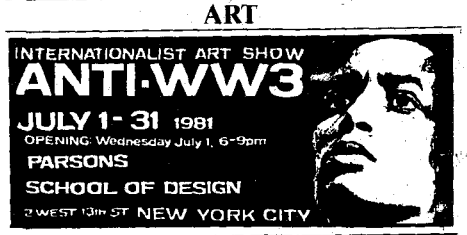

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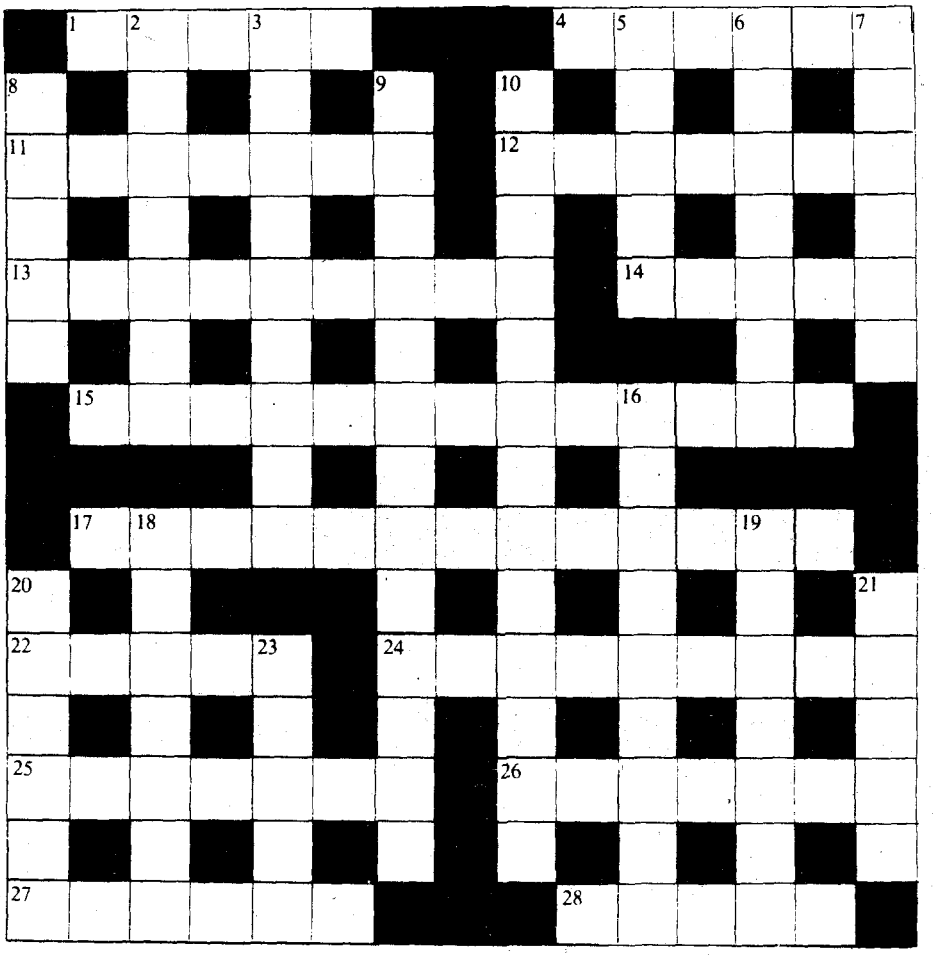

ACROSS

1 and 4 Pass like a shot, but good! (5,6)
11 Such things are not bought with 1 and 4, but perhaps they're expensive if someone does your car. (7)
12 Both accommodates and constrains. (7)
13 What the Englishman might wear is a swell American garment. (9)
14 Broke in—most likely surroundings being the kitchen. (5)
15 More matter-of-fact than something in 16? (One can be played, however.) (9,4)
17 To de-bag Tom might be the equivalent. (To do it could be a telling experience.) (5,3,5)
22 A pennant winner, as shown by Kilroy Allen. (5)
24 Drawing out a Yale man, calling to mind this. (9)
25 Truant, as the boxing trainee might be, with the boss on board. (7)
26 What's the trouble with people tail-twisting around them? (7)
27 What was Susie in the shell game? (It's only relative!) (6)
28 Nader is upset because of the play's locale. (5)

DOWN

2 and 18 What branch of science it is seems somewhat unclear at first, but the rest could be old-fashioned medicine. (7,7)
3 Laced in it? Tangled? It's all the same! (9)
5 Where Bizet's girl came from is frequently seen in Van Gogh's work, or starless environment. (5)
6 A fallen tree trunk, something with many leaves—it could be a record! (7)
7 Very agreeable fellows! (3-3)
8 A single step followed by some who aspire to take part. (5)
9 It doesn't imply the weapon has only one bullet—you could be encouraged by it. (1,4,2,3,3)
10 Unlikely to be descriptive of one turning over the Minorcan earth! (5,8)
16 Did his most famous work have a lot of cracks in it? (3,6)
18 See 2 down
19 A sign of the unsophisticated but possibly vain approach to the French season. (7)
20 They might hold oil to be what the adventuresome might go on, by the sound of it. (6)
21 A swinger, but might get hit in the ring. (5)
23 One hears track circuits to be a slight mistake. (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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> —*Victor Navasky,* The Nation, *Feb. 14, 1981*

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>
> —*Editorial,* The Nation, *April 11, 1981*

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